The SPHERE

Vol. CXXII. No. 1591 JULY 19, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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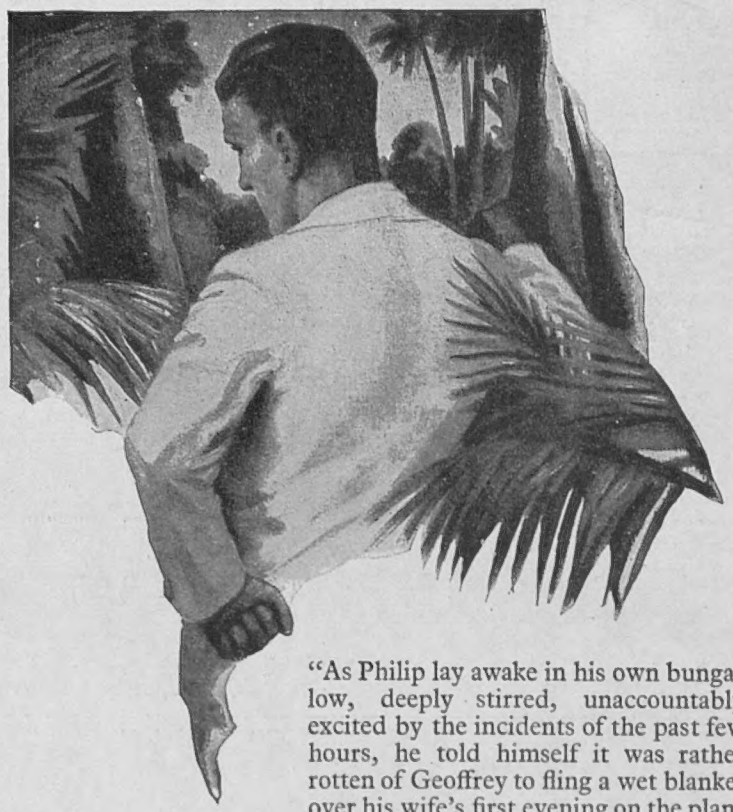
A Tense Drama of the East



"As Philip lay awake in his own bungalow, deeply stirred, unaccountably excited by the incidents of the past few hours, he told himself it was rather rotten of Geoffrey to fling a wet blanket over his wife's first evening on the plantation. But probably he was tired. That was a long, dull trip on the Van Baalen. Evelyn, too, had seemed tired; there were faint crescents of weariness under her eyes. Lovely little bird-like creature; frank and clean and ingenuous. Surely she couldn't know her husband's history.

To Mara the beautiful memsahib soon become a goddess. The moment she had entered that living room and smiled at him he had become her slave, and as time went on his devotion grew until, with the exception of Evelyn's Malay maid, he would permit no one to do anything for her.

Evelyn entered into the life at Bukit Satu with an admirable zest. She did much to make both bungalows livable without interfering with the masculine comfort, and in boots, khaki shirt, and sun helmet she went shooting crocodiles or deer with Geoffrey and Philip. With them she fished for sharks, rock cod and pink parrot fish; not once did she complain of the heat, the leeches, the mosquitoes, nor the torrential rains. She was a good little sport and a charming companion.

Despite Evelyn's buoyancy of spirits, however, Philip was not slow to realise that she was unhappy. Frequently there was a pained look in her eyes, a look of bewilderment and of fear; often she was unnaturally quiet, and a plaintive, inquiring pucker fixed itself between her brows.

Geoffrey, too, had changed. He was no longer the genial pal Philip had known. Frequently he was bitter and morose; around the bungalow there was more than a hint of tension. . . ."

Read the whole story—"Tiger Snake," by Rex Beach.

Just One of the many fine stories in the July Issue of

BRITANNIA and EVE

"NIGHT LIFE THE WORLD OVER," by Lady Drummond Hay.
"THE CAPTAIN HAD A DAUGHTER," by Beatrice Grimshaw.
"ROYAL ROMANCES," by Evelyn Graham.
"THE HAZARD," by Jeffery Farnol.
"WHY I HATE PROVERBS," by Beverley Nichols.
"CLEVER WOMEN AND SOLDIERS," by Storm Jameson.
"OBERAMMERGAU . . . AND AFTER," by Hannen Swaffer.
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY." The story of HONORIA.
"JAMES LAMP," by E. F. Benson.
"WRITING ONE'S WAY ROUND EUROPE," by Ferdinand Tuohy.
"DEAR THINGS ARE EXPENSIVE," by Christine Jope-Slade.
"TIGER SNAKE," by Rex Beach.
"GOOD TASTE AND BAD," by Harold Nicolson.
"STABLE INTO STUDIO," by Humphrey Joel and Peggy Fremantle.
"TUPPENCE COLOURED," by Sydney Tremayne.
"UNDISCOVERED RUSSIA AND OVER-EXPLORED AMERICA," by Arnold Palmer.
"IDOL," by Barbara Hedworth.
THE WEEK-END WARDROBE.
SIMPLE FROCKS FOR HOLIDAY TIME.
"MADAM WILL YOU BATHE?" by Mary Graham.
"LAST MINUTE HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS," by Madge Garland.
ABOUT NECK-WEAR, BAGS AND BELTS.
FOR THE MODERN SUN WORSHIPPER.
SUMMER ENSEMBLES.
"SUMMER USES FOR ELECTRICITY," by Michael Egan

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The Rhine
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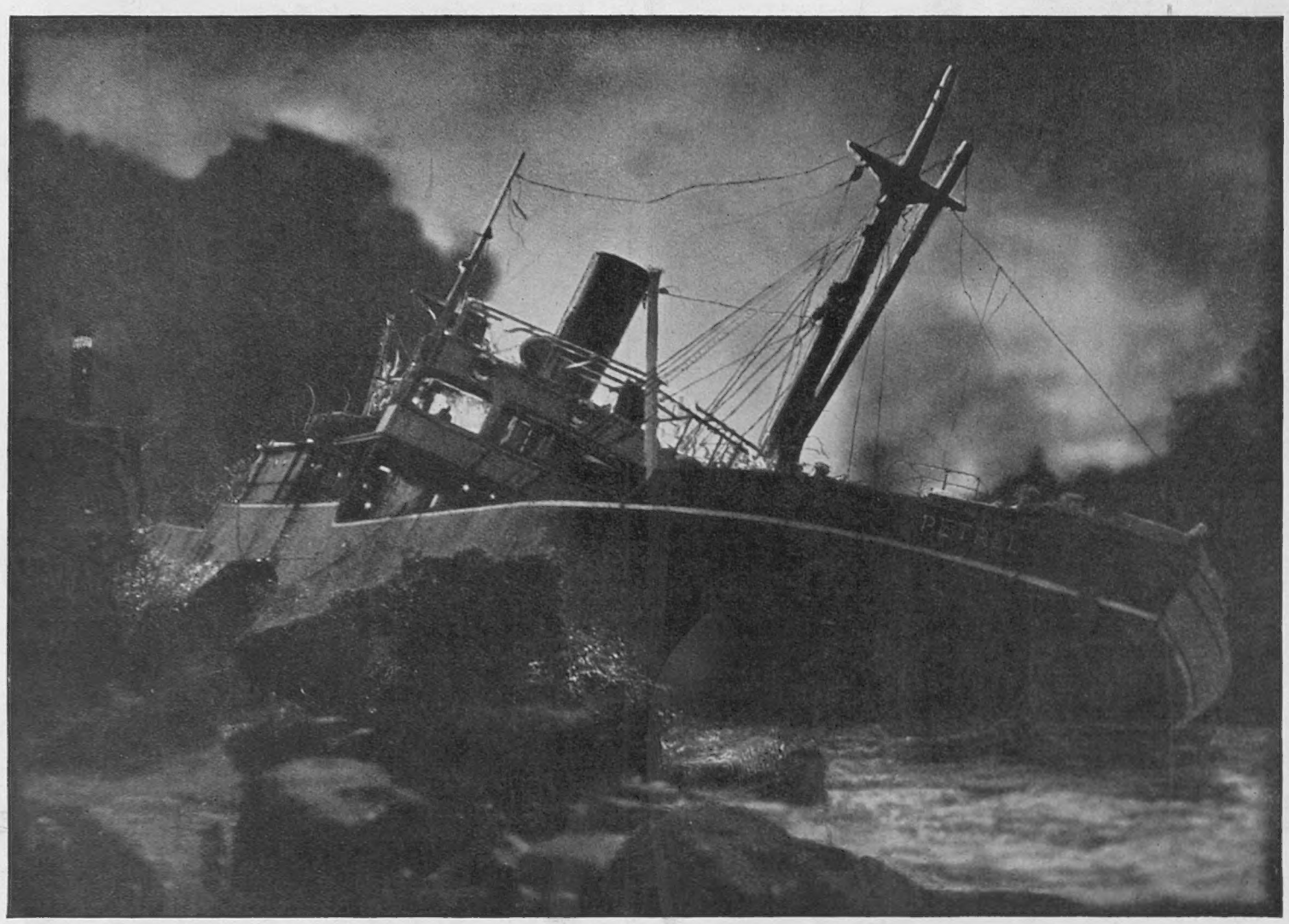
Along the RHINE to the ALPS

It costs too much to tell a lie



The lighthouse lies . . . the great ship runs aground. Red rust and ruin play havoc with a floating fortune; the captain's reputation founders with his ship. ***It costs too much to tell a lie.***

So in business: if the light of advertising lies, the ship of commerce sinks. The manufacturer knows that even the finest advertising will sell a bad product only once. Then sales stagnation, tarnished reputation—ruin. ***It costs too much to tell a lie.***

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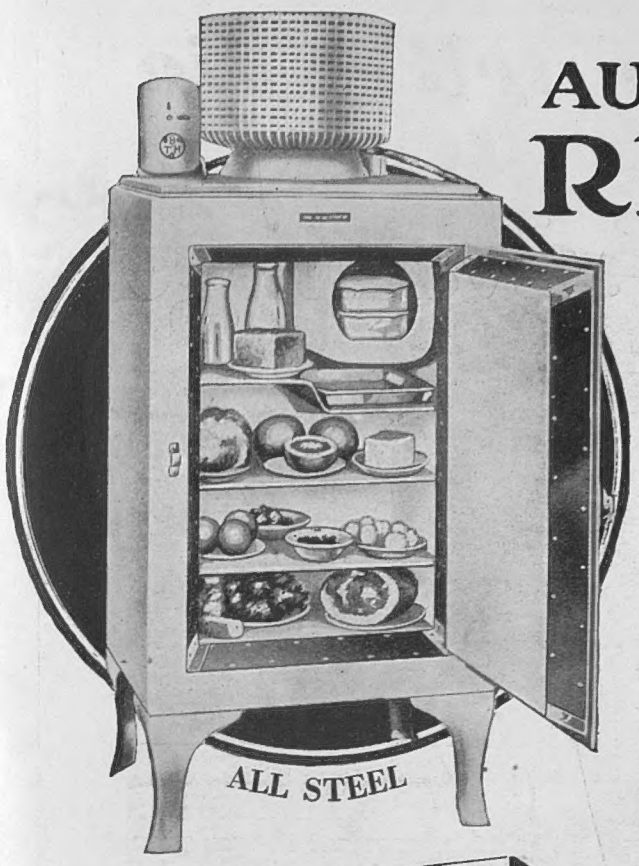
That is why it is always safer to buy advertised goods—the lamps you use, the radio that fills the home with music. Commonsense says so.

Advertising leads you to the good things in life.



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The B.T.H. Refrigerator is absolutely **Worry Proof:** it operates without ever demanding your attention; does not even require oiling.

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Send us a postcard and we will tell you the address of our nearest branch or agent where you can see a demonstration.

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HARWICH - ZEEBRUGGE

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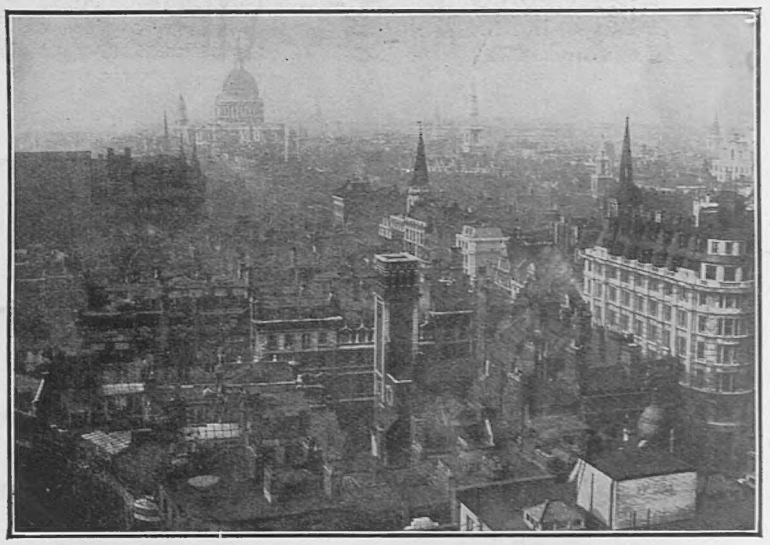

A MILLION CHIMNEYS

In London alone a million chimneys fill the atmosphere with soot and impurity. The report of the Royal Institute of British Architects states that 595 tons of soot are deposited in a year per square mile of surface in London. In Leeds the fall of soot is 342 tons, and in Glasgow 447 tons per square mile.

It is an acid soot, that disintegrates the stone of great buildings. If it plays havoc with stone buildings, it is easy to imagine its effects on the human skin, the pores of which must be kept clean and free from "foreign particles" if skin-health is to be maintained.

You can protect your skin and you can guard against infection by using Wright's Coal Tar Soap—for more than 65 years recommended by medical men.

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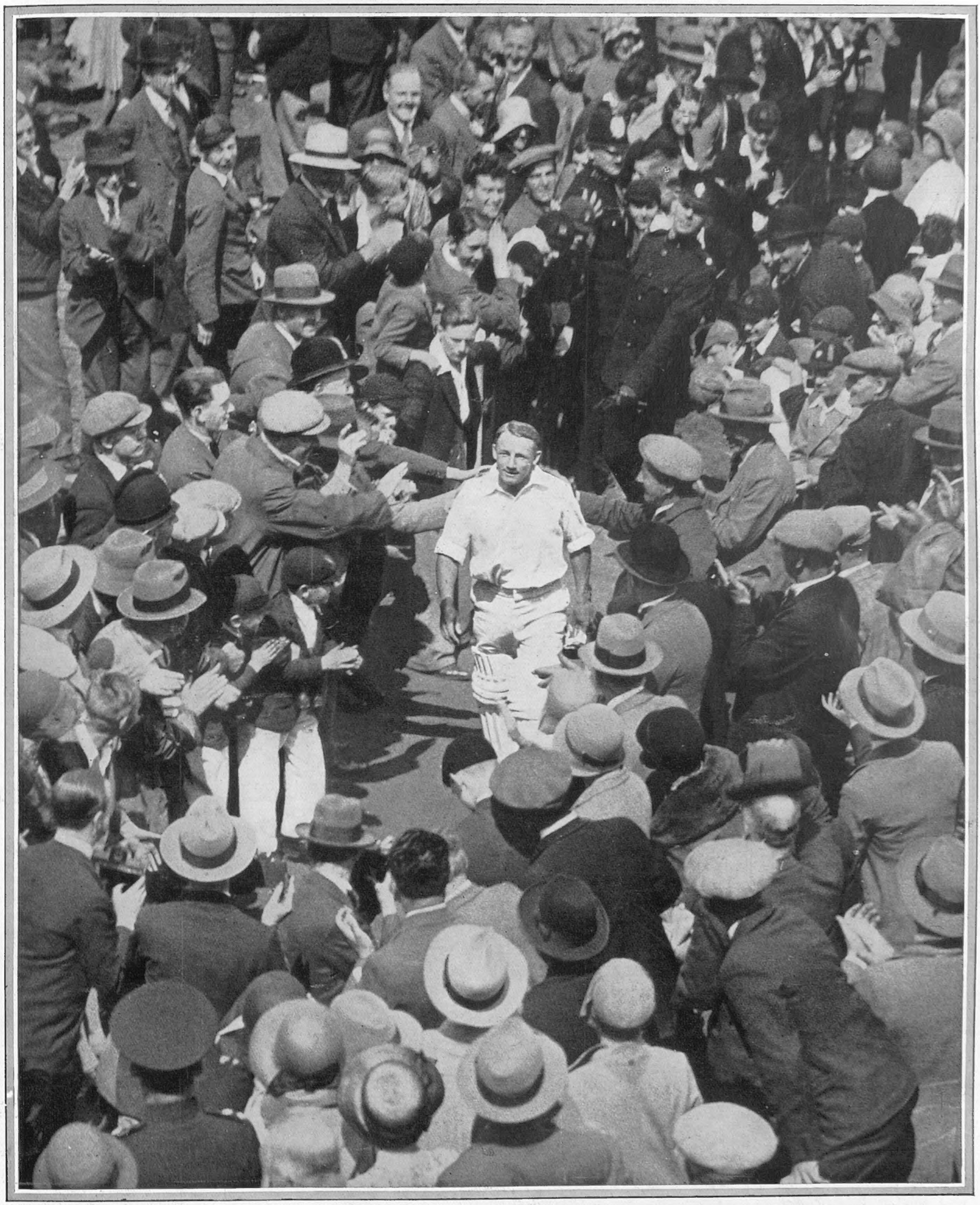
THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXII. No. 1591 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3½d. } London, July 19, 1930



THE CRICKET WONDER of the WORLD—DON BRADMAN

At Headingley, on Saturday

The twenty-one-year-old Don Bradman playing in the Test Match at Leeds on Friday not merely broke, with a score of 309 not out, the record of 287 set up by R. E. Foster (England) at Sydney in the 1903–4 tour, but went on to smash it on Saturday, when he compiled the staggering total of 334. On Friday he made his first century at the rate of a little over a run a minute—100 in 98 minutes. No wonder he got the ovation and awoke the wild enthusiasm indicated by this picture, showing the cricket wonder coming in after he had—at last—been bowled by Tate. No player of any age has ever shown a greater variety of strokes, a more confident mastery of any bowling, than this boy of twenty-one. The world of cricket salutes him!

A London Newsletter

THE QUEEN: Her Majesty the Queen makes a tour of inspection after opening the new building of Bethlem Royal Hospital at Monks Orchard, Eden Park, Beckenham

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 16, 1930.

Writings on the Wall.—The Government's narrow squeak in the House during the discussion of the Finance Bill reflected the instability of the Liberal Party rather than of the Government. Mr. George's last-minute decision leaves the Government in no more precarious plight than before, but it will inevitably react on the domestic bliss of his own party and still more on the "common cause" of unemployment relief. The Labour members will find it difficult to make common cause for humanity with the silvery-haired bravo who for a whim knifes them in the back. We have seen recently in reference to each party in turn that the simple truth holds good: you cannot have party unity without a fixed policy. Without party unity there is no opposition, and therefore the party system is an expensive and tragic futility. There is little hope of success at the polls and no hope of success in office for any party in the State whose ranks are divided and policy nebulous. The North Norfolk bye-election provides writing on the wall for Government and Opposition. Politics, indeed, are fallen into the slough.

While Nero Fiddles.—While London is putting its whole heart into the last weeks of its annual carnival, serious matters are passing unnoticed or too little observed. In unemployment figures, the terrible 2,000,000 mark is drawing inexorably near. Not since 1922 has the total been as high as at present, and it is significant that since the present Government came into power the regular seasonal reliefs have had no effect in checking the juggernaut progress. Yet curiously enough, the general feeling is more optimistic. This is very apparent in several quarters. It is clearly reflected in a notable access of optimism in the City due, no doubt, largely to the unfurling of a banner by a representative band of leading bankers, and a faint belief that the Conservative Party must soon close its ranks and is in sight of a fresh inspiration. The City notoriously overdoes both optimism and pessimism. The shake-out in industrials has on the whole been healthy. We have, too, gained as much as we have lost by the American debacle. In certain sections of our vital industries business is not even to-day too bad. In the City, for once in a way, the customary revival in optimism which comes at the end of July may have some substantial basis.

Better News from India.—The revival of hope which is noticeable in this country and is first reflected in the City is apparent also in India. It is impossible not to be aware of a definite return to sanity and restraint among many sections of political opinion. It is impossible not to feel that in official and authoritative circles the Round Table Conference is coming to be regarded not only as a reality but as a definite fixture pregnant with hope and possibilities, and that even the Simon Report contains recommendations which may at least be worth wrangling over and twisting into shape. It is clear that the hot-head policy of disorder is losing ground, that the shop-keepers are alive to the disastrous consequences of lawlessness, and that the tiny minority of hooligans no longer receives even tacit support from the majority which has everything to lose from anarchy or is incapable of comprehending even the broad outline of the issue. Above all, the noble qualities, the statesmanship, the impartiality and the patience of Lord Irwin are being thrown into clearer light every day throughout India and even in this apathetic island. India in the greatest crisis of her fate has found the man once more, and it appears that for once he will receive the appreciation he merits in his lifetime.

Capital Punishment.—The bishop is greater than the judge because while the judge can only say "you be hanged," the Bishop can say "you be damned." Yes, but when the judge says "you be hanged," you *are* hanged. Archbishop Temple wants to alter this old truth, and I suppose his opinion on the question of abolishing capital punishment may be of some obscure value to the committee. It is the bishop's *métier* to declare that no man is beyond reformation. But it is for practical, plain men to say whether an individual reformation may not be won at a price too high for the community to pay. Primarily this committee is concerned more with the body than with the soul. One has got to consider how many Gutteridges have got to be sacrificed to make a saint of men like the late lamented Brown (of the firm of Brown and Kennedy). Before you take away from our judges the power ever to pass sentence of death, you have got to decide whether fifteen years in gaol is likely to turn men like Brown on the world again, gentled and reformed, or whether such an one will not emerge once more a ravening tiger breathing vengeance on Society. I don't think Archbishop Temple's evidence on this subject is of more value than "What the soldier said."

A Tardy Protest.—Last summer I took a grave risk of boring readers of THE SPHERE by constantly ventilating my dislike of the way sensational newspapers are spoiling our young tennis stars. Now at last the danger has been pointed out by one or two other responsible journals. Viewing Wimbledon in retrospect we can really see that we are not yet serious competitors in the game of lawn tennis beside the Americans and Frenchmen. Nor are we likely to become so for a decade. Our players themselves are blinded to this state of affairs by the dazzle of publicity and the glitter of flattery which is constantly turned on them by the "half-penny" Press. The famous Press lords may one day perhaps go down to history as the political saviours of their country or their party, but they will have to face the grave charge levelled by the social historian that they have corrupted and spoiled our youth by a systematic and ill-advised flattery. In half-a-dozen fields of sports one sees promising young men and maidens from the suburbs easily persuaded to the belief that they are entitled to rank themselves among serious artists in far more important spheres.

Swelled Heads.—Our leading young players are just about at the stage in lawn tennis proficiency—if they wish to succeed in the game—when they should get down to serious and unadvertised practice. Instead of which they fall easy victims to the cynical and cruel lures of commercialized journalism. They are only too pleased to accept it that they have won their spurs and rank with great artists in many fields who have gained a European reputation by sweat and blood. Their opinions are eagerly canvassed, their prose writings are fought for and paid for as the rare artistry of Max Beerbohm is fought for and paid for. They are photographed in every posture and consulted on every subject. In this golden illusion, their heads are turned, the humble and laborious practice which they need if they are to become first class in the sole (and minor) branch of sport in which they show any promise at all, is thrown to the winds, and they suffer the inevitable disappointment and the bitter reckoning which comes at last to mediocrity set on a pinnacle. Cheap journalism clings to the blind belief that very moderate proficiency with a racquet or a golf club or a cricket bat implies as great a degree of proficiency with a pen. That is why the "half-penny" Press is, *quâ* literature, what it is. Our young tennis stars still need elementary training in the use of the racquet and the pen.

Traffic in Babies.—There is one more deplorable tendency very noticeable during this London Season which has been encouraged by the Press. I refer to the exploitation of children. This is a tendency which feeds on the vanity of parents. The earliest form of baby competition—among humbler folk—was comparatively harmless in so far as it aimed at improving nursery hygiene. It has spread to the upper classes. "Beautiful Society children" has become a popular feature of Society journalism. Children just old enough to be vain and to be impressed with publicity are dragged into the limelight, flattered, petted, and spoiled. They posture and dance in public, pose for Press photographers in the parks, and are even used as instruments in ridiculous Press-boosted charitable campaigns. Society brats of four years old are featured as "chairmen" of this and that charitable appeal, and bombard their parents' long-suffering acquaintances with signed circular letters.

A Stimulus to Endure and to Dare.—When I see anything new which impresses or interests me I want others to snatch the same experience and to see with my eyes. For this reason I refer in our carnival time to that stoic show, that record of simple heroism, the Polar Exhibition at Central Hall. There, in the dog-days of our frivolity and ease, a cold, stimulating breath of Polar air cuts like a knife, stings like a whip-lash. Still then the voice of the white spaces calls to some above the Venusberg music; the great ice barrier beckons and here and there a reveller rises—

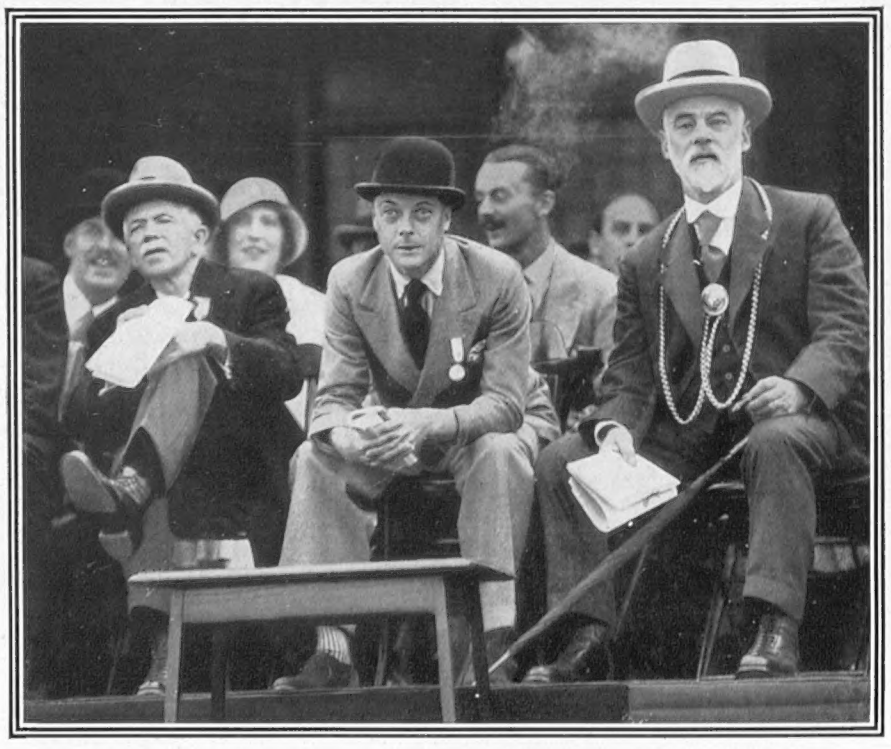
> "Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
> Leave the sick hearts whom honour could not move,
> And half men and their dirty songs and dreary,
> And all the little bitterness of love."

The breed is still alive that sailed with Drake, that "finds out what man cannot do and then proceeds to do it," that "sets the game above the prize." If you want to be heartened concerning human nature you can be sure of getting comfort from this simple show; and if the little troubles and fears of your humdrum, secure life obsess you over much you will learn to despise them here and come away more nearly in the image of a man. There is this virtue in Scott's last pencilled scrawls.

The Best of the Bunch.—There were two interesting collections of modern paintings on view in London, at Tooth's Galleries and at the Savile. Apart from the carefully selected works displayed, very commendably few in number, these exhibitions particularly interest me as efforts to separate the gold from the dross among the artists of a hundred schools of Modern Art. At Tooth's there is a selection of eight men whose names may survive to posterity to represent the struggles of a melting-pot age. There is of course Sickert and John; then there are Steer and Spencer Gore, Matthew Smith, Duncan Grant, and Nash. At the Savile, in an Anglo-French Exhibition, five of these eight survive to do battle for England, John, Sickert, Gore, Smith and Grant. I can't refrain from expressing my pleasure at the increasing certainty with which Spencer Gore's claim to survival is received. He is the least known to the general public of those chosen; he died very young, and knew nothing of the science of publicity, and cared less. I live with his pictures hanging on my walls and I can aver that, old-fashioned as I am, they grow on me in their distinction and intellect.

Of Lost Causes.—Oh Lord! Oh Lord's! Oh Oxford, home of lost causes, that I should live to see such sloppy, slovenly, patchy, schoolboy cricket, such nervous, white rabbits emerging from the hutch of my old Alma Mater. Those magnificent young gentlemen who throw such a leg before the admiring eyes of their sisters and cousins and aunts outside the members' enclosure, how pitiful a figure they cut in the middle of the green arena! I have only one word in mitigation. I believe that Cambridge to-day has many hundreds more undergraduates to choose from than Oxford. The dullest cricket ever played in any Eton and Harrow match revealed one hopeful natural bowler in Pelham. I regret to hear he is going to King's, Cambridge. Next year Rhodes must be allowed to play for Harrow. As for England against Bradman at Leeds, I do verily believe that no criticism of our selection committee or our bowlers is called for. On that dead easy wicket such men as Bradman and Woodfull are indeed invincible as long as the spirit is willing.

THE OLD STAGER.



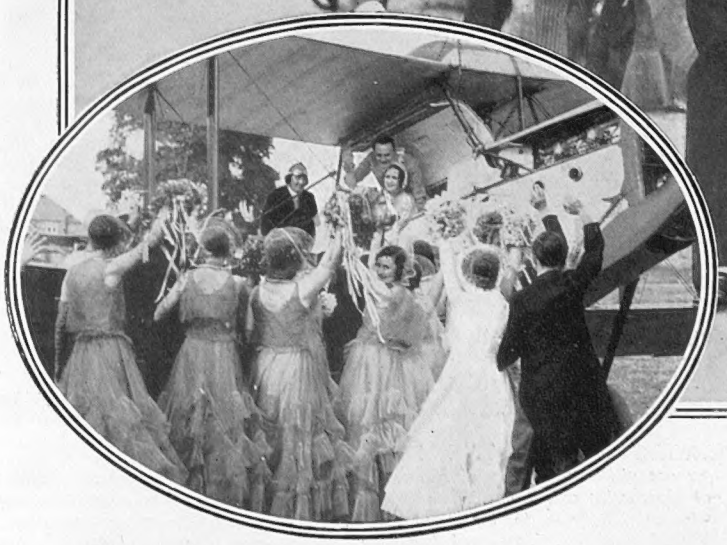
THE PRINCE—The Prince of Wales interested in a close finish at the National Police Sports at Luton—to which he travelled by aeroplane. Mr. J. R. Clynes, on the left, was evidently as interested as the Prince

OFF FOR AN AERIAL HONEYMOON

Crossing to Paris by Air is Easier than the Old Way: Bridesmaids at American Weddings have their own Escorts

IN AN AEROPLANE MADE FOR TWO: Bridesmaids wave farewell to Mr. and Mrs. John Roland Robinson as they leave Stag Lane Aerodrome for Paris on their aerial honeymoon

ESCORTS FOR BRIDESMAIDS: The pretty American custom of a male escort for each bridesmaid marked the wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Mr. John Roland Robinson, a London barrister, and Miss Maysie Gasque, daughter of the late Mr. G. W. Gasque, director of Woolworth's. The bridesmaids included the Russian Princess Chavchavadze



NOT IN FLYING KIT: Bridesmaids in airy but not aerial costumes wish good luck to the bride

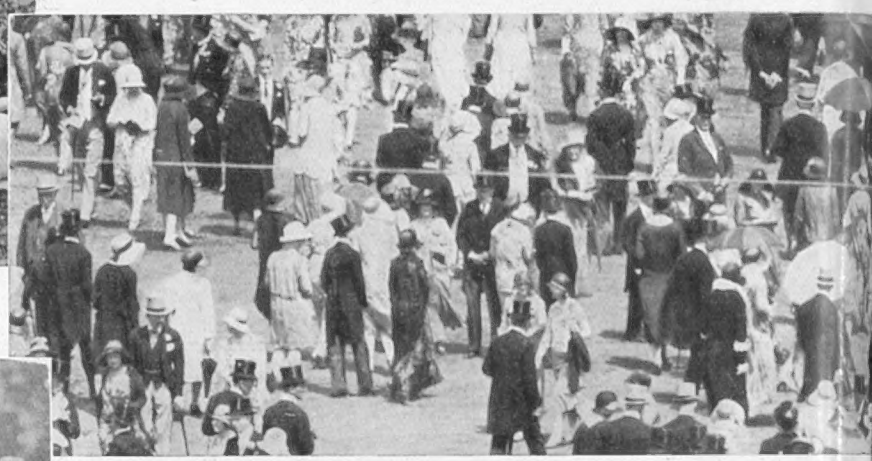
THE WHIRLIGIG O

Grave and Gay, the Events of

AFTERMATH OF WIMBLEDON: The great stars of the Wimbledon fortnight have been with us for the past week, with the exception of the world's lady champion, who returned immediately to her newly-wedded husband. Here Henri Cochet is seen with Fräulein Aussem

FRILLS OF VICTORIAN DAYS AT LORD'S: Costumes which took on right back to Kate Greenaway days were to be seen here and there at Lord's o the Eton and Harrow days. On the right is an intriguing vision of Lady Noble' coach, always a feature of the Eton and Harrow gathering

SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ SMILES AT THE READER: Very much missed indeed was the fair lady who lies on this outdoor bed in a Putney nursing home. Her ankles are bound with surgical wrappers



HERE'S THE POLYCHROME THRONG AT LORD'S ON THE FIR on to the green at the luncheon hour at Lord's on Friday of last week. Silk h pretended not to mind. Quite little tots were there with a

THE STANDARD MODE AT LORD'S ON THE ETON AND HARROW DAY: Coloured chiffon was undoubtedly in the vast majority of cases the wear for mothers, aunts, and daughters at Lord's. There were frills and flounces in large numbers, but flowered chiffon held the field in battalions. And white felt toppers made a bold bid to outnumber the black silk hat; the double collar—not quite correct with a morning coat—was seen too frequently. Hearty deans and elderly parsons were present from all the shires

SPEAKING ACROSS THE WORLD: Delegates to the Empire Press Co ference visited the Imperial and International Communications wireless beam statio at Dorchester and Somerton a few days ago. During the visit they spoke wireless telephone to the Marchese Marconi in his yacht Elettra at Geno Speaking at the instrument board is Mr. Thomas Dunrobin (Australia), and his left is Admiral of the Fleet Lord Wester Wemyss

SEVEN DAYS IN 1930

Week Flash Quickly on the Eye

THE BOLD BRADMAN'S BREEZY POSE: This instantaneous vision of Don Bradman swiping a four is very characteristic of the demon batsman of Australia. Look at the hefty confidence of the bat after the ball has gone clean through all the British defences

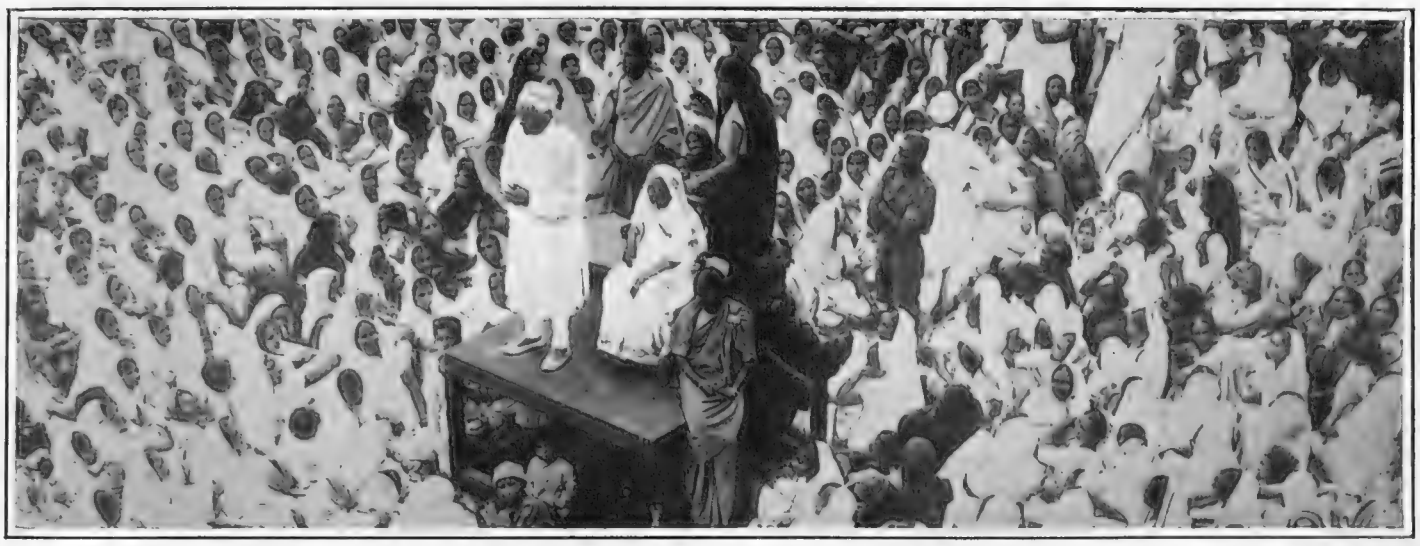
THE EMPTY CHAIR AT THE ALBERT HALL: A remarkable sight at the memorial service to the late—or the gone before—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's vacant chair, bearing his name on a card. One psychic friend states that she clearly saw Sir Arthur pass to his chair

THE COFFIN ON THE LAWN AT THE DOYLE VILLA: The mortal earthly remains of Sir Arthur, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, were buried in his own garden at Crowborough

AT "ETON AND HARROW": Parasols were up when the crowd strolled hats reigned supreme for the men—only a few eccentrics wore soft hats and but you don't see them as they are eating sandwiches elsewhere

WHY IS IT ALWAYS SO HOT AT BISLEY? If you want to be boiled or grilled alive become a Bisley marksman. These Rugby schoolboys have the welcome shade of a big umbrella during their practice for the contest for the Ashburton shield which, despite a very good score in the 200 yds. stage of the contest, they failed to win, the trophy going to the Winchester team, who made 474 out of 500

TOBIAS TRIPS ONCE AGAIN: The story of Tobias and the angel which was, a few days ago told so excellently during the ecclesiastical art fortnight in Westminster figures again in tableau form on the 23rd of this month at the Gaiety Theatre in aid of the General Lying-in Hospital. The group follows the picture by Pollaiuolo. Miss Anne Leslie, daughter of Mr. Shane Leslie, the author, appears as the angel striding beside the nimble little Tobias



GETTING THE WOMEN'S VOTE: Pandit Moti Nehru, the turbaned orator on the platform, was so persuasive in urging the women of Bombay to support Gandhi's campaign of disobedience to British authority that his meeting was followed by riotous disorder

THE BURNING QUESTION OF INDIA

The Personality of Mr. G. F. L. Wood, now Lord Irwin

By Lieut.-General SIR GEORGE MacMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

It would be idle to deny that the latest pronouncement of His Excellency Lord Irwin on the subject of the Simon Report and the Round Table Conference has come as a shock, and even as a bombshell, to that growing feeling, not only in Britain but in the whole Empire, that it is about time we governed once again. The spirit of Kipling's Galley Slave, that wonderful allegorical poem of the task of the British in India, lies at the back of the British mind when it turns again from its golf and its Test Matches:

> Oh gallant was our galley from her carven steering wheel
> To her figure-head of silver and her beak of hammered steel.

At this moment it is the character and wisdom of the "figurehead of silver" on which so much depends and on whom all eyes are cast. We give one of our number the most magnificent position in the whole world. We take a commoner or a nobleman, we make the former a peer, and we send him out as the personal ruler, the ultimate personal ruler, of a continent as big as Europe, with a population of 320,000,000, and we surround him with a dignity and a pomp only equalled under Imperial Rome . . . and we expect him to be equal to the occasion. Usually they have been, and a very remarkable gallery of State servants they are, this galaxy of past-masters who have handled that great gavel of the Indian throne. Now and again there has been one of the lesser breed, one of those kindly souls with golden hearts and feather brains.

In presenting Mr. G. F. L. Wood to the purple, Mr. Baldwin and the country sent one of the best of their young men, sent him from a political party that could perhaps ill spare him. The eldest son and heir of the Second Viscount Halifax, born of one of the old religious families, adhering to the Ancient Obedience so far as a member of the Church of England may, a Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Colonies, President of the Board of Education, and finally Minister of Agriculture, there are few men whose record should have better qualified, or whose departure for five years to the East could be more truly reckoned a loss. Had India had the somewhat Brummagen intelligentzia of India elected, as we had every right to expect, to work hand in hand with Great Britain in all she proposed to do in India, no touch could have been better on the helm.

This Viceroy of great social sympathies, belonging to that party in the Conservative ranks known, by less sympathetic souls, as the Y.M.C.A., whose nickname in India—and India's *forte* is nicknames—is "Too good to be true," has found himself in a whirl of entirely undeserved difficulty and stir, a stir which not even England, let alone Lord Irwin, whose only idea is help and service, has deserved.

A new Governor-General is a lost soul for the first two years, learning the quantities and acquiring the atmosphere. In years gone by he could rely on a staunch and able council of ministers. In these days, with three of his ministers Indians, he has little to get from them in time of trouble. They may bring the brains, but not the knowledge of India as a whole, and not the character. Gossip says, too, that the British ministers of late years have been very *mamuli*, very ordinary men who, to quote a former Irish Commander-in-Chief, could never "draw a badger," men who help with such aphorisms as "a pulling horse must have its head."

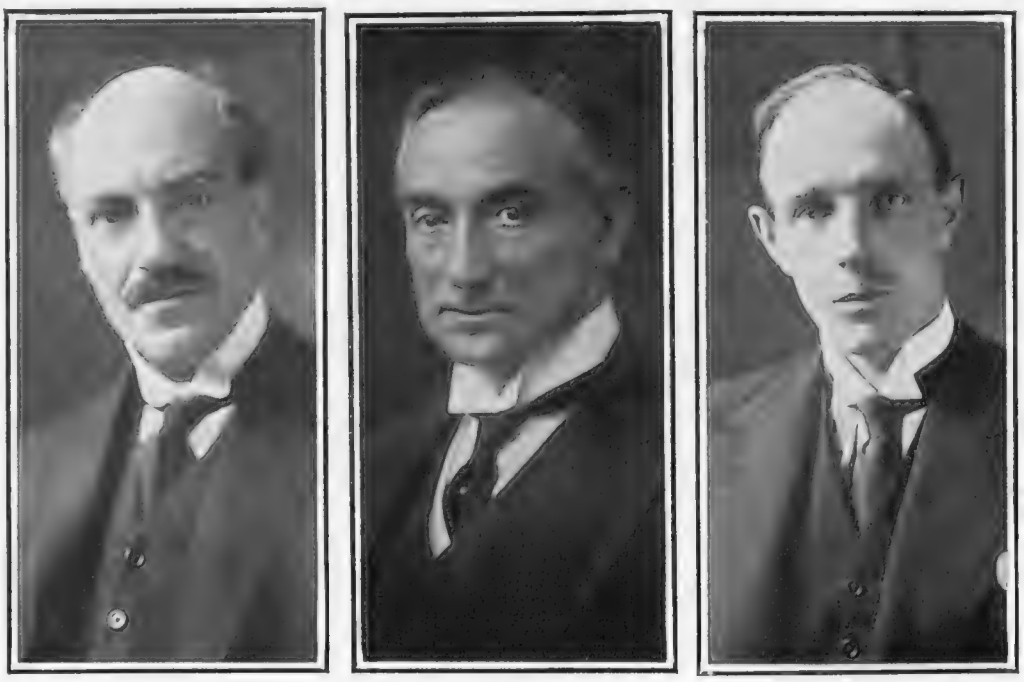
It is sad that the Viceroy has lacked counsel save from his Commander-in-Chief, and the men who can do without good counsel are few! To pursue Sir Felix Schuster's metaphor, it is one thing to guide the pulling horse when he and you have the same idea, a place at the top of the hunt, but quite another matter when the said noble steed is trying to jam your leg against a tree trunk or take you and himself into a chalk quarry.

Because Viceroys before him have let the more dangerous hot-air merchants run riot, Lord Irwin has inherited a country in which sour hysteria and sedition have been allowed, in defiance of the best advice, to get out of hand and undermine the whole system. Those who warned were die-hards. Those who knew what the Bhabbar Akali movement stood for were believed to be reactionaries. Now and again Lord Reading made a stand, and in that deep tone in which he can be so effective warned India and the intelligentzia that one day it would be necessary to call a halt. But Lord Irwin found a country with the disease far run underground, and yet a country so full of admirable activities and reforms that neither he nor any other straightforward newcomer could believe what lay below.

His Lordship's utterances on that foolish mis-phrase, Dominion Status, which clever Eastern lawyer mentalities have so warped, were in truth only the restating of the aspirations of the Montford preamble. They were, however, a gesture of placation. But now it has seemed good to His Excellency to speak of the Simon Report in a tone that savours of belittlement. What he has said, if correctly telegraphed, is indeed true enough. The Simon Report binds no one. It is a guide for Parliament and the British people, who alone have the final say. But to point out this truth now has the taste of a further gesture, a gesture made in the presence of bomb-throwers and sedition-ists in the hope of creating an atmosphere.

We want to hear something that will show all these millions of backers whom we still have in India that we are worth backing. We want someone to realize that all those who make the trouble are those whose hands in the past have never kept their heads, and but lift their voices owing to the Pax Britannica. In the language and metaphor of the galley, we want to be quite sure that never shall—

> A craven-hearted pilot drive her crashing on the rocks.



FACTORS IN THE FATE OF INDIA: Edwin Samuel Montagu, who was Secretary for India from 1917 to 1922; Lord Reading, who was Viceroy from 1921 to 1926; and Lord Irwin, who as Viceroy is now coping with the problems of "that most distressful country"

EUROPE'S NEWS

Told in Pictures . . . . .

A PARIS DEPARTMENT STORE ABLAZE: One of the worst fires Paris has witnessed took place a few nights ago. The Galeries Nouvelles caught fire—fortunately when empty of people—and was soon ablaze. Hundreds of theatre-goers witnessed the scene, which lit up half the capital

VESUVIUS BURSTS FORTH WITH SUMMER ENERGY: Vesuvius has burst forth with customary summer vigour, and tourists are getting a realistic impression of what the giant crater can do if it so minds. This first picture shows a steaming fumerole thrust up from a new lava stream

THE POPE TO GO TO THE HILLS: The mounting temperature in Rome (it was 101 in the shade the other day) has brought about the decision that His Holiness should go to his summer palace at Castelgandolfo for the remainder of the summer. This summer palace, which has been papal property for many centuries, was included in the extraterritorial property in 1871, but no Pope since pre-Risorgimento times has inhabited it. It stands in a magnificent high position overlooking Lake Albano, in the midst of the Alban Hills surrounding Rome. For the last few days workmen have been putting the final touches ready for its occupation by Pius XI. The Pope will travel with his suite in papal motor-cars, which have recently been augmented in preparation for conveying the pontifical entourage. The car in which the Pope will travel has been fitted with a commodious armchair throne which takes up the whole interior seating accommodation of the car in such a way that the Pope, while apparently sitting up, will in fact be reclining during the journey. The strictest secrecy is being maintained as to the actual day on which the Pope will make the journey

HOW THE POPE WILL TRAVEL TO CASTELGANDOLFO

PLAYING at MIDNIGHT—and in the MEADOW

THE MIDNIGHT REVUE: First-nighters inside and outside the Pavition Theatre. The revue, organized by Lady Louis Mountbatten in aid of the Prince of Wales's Personat Fund for the British Legion, attracted a brilliant audience which includea the Prince of Wales and Prince George. In the lower picture Miss Dorothy Dickson and Mr. Geoffry Gwyther are having a little refreshment

"BLUE-STOCKINGS" UP-TO-DATE: A quartette of happy and pretty Irish girl graduates in their becoming gowns arriving for the graduation ceremony at Queen's University, Belfast

FIRST PLAY BY TELEVISION: The "stage set" of the first play—Pirandello's The Man with a Flower in his Mouth—*to be broadcast by the B.B.C. by both sound and sight. The artists are Miss Gladys Young, Mr. Earle Grey (centre), and Mr. Lionel Millara. The curious sketch on the left is the "scenery" which was successfully transmitted by the Baird television process*

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER: Milton's Comus, *which was written by the poet for the first Earl of Bridgewater, the owner of Ashridge House, Berkhampstead, in 1634, produced out of doors in Ashridge Park of to-day. Miss Rosemarie Cory and Mr. Arthur Bryant, the producer, at the dress rehearsal*

The Future of a DESERT-ENCIRCLED Land

Mesopotamia's Chance of Reviving her Ancient Glories. What will she make of it?

By Lieut.-Com. the Hon. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

Mesopotamia, blessed word, describes a vast territory stretching from the head of the Persian Gulf to the mountains of Kurdistan. At one time this region seemed destined to become part of the British Empire.

But the Treaty just concluded, under which we withdraw all control from this Arab State, and support her candidature for the League of Nations, ends one more chapter in the longest history of any country in the annals of mankind. Here was the very cradle of civilization. Indeed, according to the Old Testament, accepted by three great religions—Christian, Jewish, and Moslem—it was the very cradle of mankind also. Here was the Garden of Eden. Here also arose that ancient Samurian civilization, by far the oldest in the whole world. Mighty walled cities, with large populations and highly-developed arts and systems of commerce, were flourishing before the first Pharaohs ruled over Egypt. The Samurians, whose cities are now being unearthed by the archæologists, and whose history can be traced, were the oldest people living in an organized society of which any record has been found. The great ruined cities of Ur of the Chaldees, Babylon, Nineveh, represent successive cultures that flourished, with their kings, priests, religions, and laws, when the British Islands were part of the mainland of Europe and inhabited by cannibals, at the early Stone Age period of development.

A DESERT WARRIOR: One of the raiding tribesmen who are causing trouble in the Near East

Flying over modern Iraq, the air traveller can trace the foundations of these old human habitations; while the mighty Dome of Ctesiphon, though only the ruins of a former palace of the Parthian kings, still stands as a mighty monument to departed glories and a very useful landmark for flying pilots.

Bagdad, its present capital, was during the Dark Ages the most famous city in the East. The seat of the great Caliphs, it reached the height of its fame in the ninth century under the rule of the famous Haroun-al-Raschid. It was then the great seat of Arabic learning and literature, the resort of savants and scholars in a period when Europe was sunk in barbarism after the fall of the Roman Empire. Bagdad was sacked and utterly destroyed, and with it the culture and Arab civilization of the age, by the Tartar invaders in 1277, under Hulaku, the grandson of Genghis Khan. It never recovered its past glories, is now a squalid Oriental city, and a great disappointment to most travellers.

The Turks held the province for 300 years, a period of stagnation. Then came the Great War and the British conquest. The original war plan was to occupy Basrah, at the head of the Persian Gulf, for the double purpose of preventing it being used as a naval base against us and to guard the great refineries and storage tanks of the Anglo-Persian Company and the end of the pipe-line to the River Port of Basrah. In order to embarrass the Turks, we later pushed on into the interior. After the setback of Kut, when Townshend's Army surrendered after the most memorable siege of the War, we finally occupied the whole country, including the Mosul Province in the north.

Those were the days of Imperialistic expansion. It was hoped, under the Mandate assumed by this country in the Peace Treaties, with good Government and commercial development, that Iraq would become a smaller edition of India. Corn and cotton, it was hoped, could be grown in abundance, on the rich lands along the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates; there was oil in Mosul, and presently the railway could be completed from Constantinople to the head of the Persian Gulf.

This was the beginning of the chapter just ended. We are now handing over the country to King Feisal, our ally and protégé from Mecca; are deliberately curtailing our Imperial commitments; and a new chapter opens, with a new Arab dynasty no doubt hoping to revive the ancient glories of Haroun-al-Raschid.

So long as we were in the country there was political agitation. I heard at first hand, when in Iraq this year, of the difficulties facing our modest administration and control. So long as the inhabitants are aflame with the spirit of Nationalism they neglect the material development of the country. Now they will have to tackle their own Nationalist problem, because the Kurds in the north are demanding Home Rule. Another complication is the hostility between the town-dwelling Arabs, and especially the Bagdadis, and the desert and swamp-dwelling Arabs, and the Bedouin, who object to any Government and any taxes.

The country presents a difficult military problem to us in these hard times, for to the north is Turkey, reviving under Mustapha Kemal; to the east Persia, reviving under her new Shah, Rizzi Khan; and to the south the ever-present menace of the desert brotherhood of the Wahibi, the fanatical Moslem Puritans under King Ibn Sa'ud.

King Feisal's Government will have to keep the peace as best it can with Turks and Persians; but our Air Force is to evacuate the great aerodrome at Hiniadi, near Bagdad, one of the greatest military air stations in the world, and to concentrate to the west of the Euphrates valley. There our aeroplanes will serve the double purpose of protecting the oil refineries, keeping off desert raiders, and maintaining the freedom of the air between Egypt and India. For the air-mail route, which I followed, passes through Bagdad and Basrah and then on to Karachi. Southern Iraq is a vital link in the great air-mail route of the future between England and Australia.

It seems to be the best arrangement we could come to under all the circumstances. We could never "colonize" Iraq. The climate is one of the hottest in the world in summer though very cold in winter. The very pleasant young Bagdadi who showed me round Bagdad in his motor-car, noticing that I was shivering, offered me his overcoat as an extra covering, saying that of course I wasn't used to a cold climate coming from England! But it is the damp heat in summer that is so very trying. If the somewhat turbulent and extremely litigious modern inhabitants of Iraq now settle down to help their country through, it should have a bright future. The Mosul oilfields of the north have been proved of great richness. There is an over-production of oil in the world, as of most other commodities, and the International Company that is exploiting the Iraq oilfields is "going slow." One day, however, a pipe-line will be carried across the desert that divides Iraq from Palestine, with its seaward end at the new port of Haifa in the Levant. There is no reason why a railway should not be built also from Haifa right across to Iraq. The desert is nearly flat and the principal means of travel, apart from the aeroplanes, to-day are ordinary motor-cars, which for ten months of the year at least run a regular service between Bagdad and Damascus. There are no roads, but the cars make good speed over the hard, flat sands. This railway will have great economic possibilities. The ultimate aim is to carry it across Persia to India. Then when that great dream of the German Imperialists, the Bagdad Railway, is completed, it will be possible to travel in the same railway carriage from Calais (or from Thurso if the Channel Tunnel is built) by way of Constantinople to India.

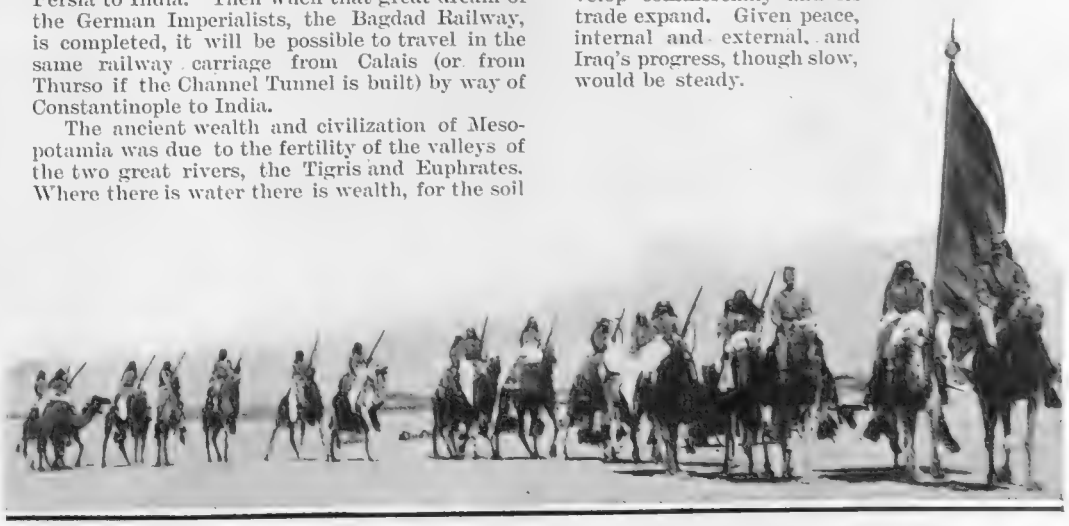
The ancient wealth and civilization of Mesopotamia was due to the fertility of the valleys of the two great rivers, the Tigris and Euphrates. Where there is water there is wealth, for the soil is fertile and the sun constant. Once there was a most complicated and extensive system of artificial irrigation, the remains of which can still be traced. But the invasions and wars have ruined it, and only about one-third of the area once cultivated is now cropped.

In an aeroplane it is possible to see the sharp dividing line between "the Desert and the Sown," the landscape changing from gold to green as the cultivated area is reached. In the southern part of Mesopotamia is a vast area known as the Swamp district. The silting up of the canals constructed by the ancient Masurians, Babylonians, and Assyrians has led to the creation of a wide area of weed and bogs in place of the fertile fields which once supported a vast population. Here live very primitive tribes of Swamp Arabs, the degenerate descendants of the Samurians as they claim to be. This, indeed, is the region of the Biblical Flood, and the waters have never subsided. These indigenous Arabs alone know the secrets of the tortuous channels between the vast reed-beds, and they live in small hamlets on islands, snatching a precarious living by goat-herding and fishing. The only way to reach them is by air; the Turks never brought them under control, and they have given a great deal of trouble to us.

This area may one day be reclaimed, but many experts declare that thousands of years of artificial irrigation have salted much of the soil of Mesopotamia and made it permanently infertile. Possibly the gradual changes in climate that have occurred during the last five or six thousand years may make it impossible for Iraq ever to sustain the great population or to produce the wealth of ancient days.

The desert itself is not infertile as might be supposed. After the rains much vegetation springs up, providing grazing for great herds of sheep and camels. There are projects for developing it. Rutbar Wells, the stopping-place both for the motor transport and the aeroplanes flying to and from India, is one of the most interesting places I have ever visited. It is literally out in the blue. There is good permanent water, and much more would be available if artesian wells were sunk. A square stone fort has been built inside which is the barrack accommodation for the Iraqi soldiers together with a rest-house, hotel, and restaurant for travellers. It is always ready to stand a siege; for the wandering tribes still raid and rob when they have an opportunity, and every night the barbed-wire fence is closed and the gates locked. There is no other permanent stone dwelling-house within a hundred miles of Rutbar. But there is no reason, as stated above, why this great area should not be settled, and if water can be found it would support a considerable population. For we have brought comparative peace for the first time for many centuries. Ibn Sa'ud, the head of the Wahibis, and King Feisal are representative of rival clans between whom there has been war and feuds for generations. Now, thanks to our diplomacy and the gentle persuasion of the Royal Air Force, they have signed a mutual Treaty of Peace and Amity and have eaten bread and salt together. There should be tranquillity now, and our flying squadrons will be a valuable re-insurance.

Railways, motor-cars, and aeroplanes have already made great changes in a hitherto roadless country, and they will have more important effects on the mentality of the people in the future. Iraq, indeed, is developing into a modern State. The country has great attractions for the historian, the archæologist, the student, and the traveller. It may also develop commercially and its trade expand. Given peace, internal and external, and Iraq's progress, though slow, would be steady.



"BETWEEN THE DESERT AND THE SOWN": Arab warriors on the march. Some of King Feisal's "irregular cavalry" ready for trouble, if his rival does not keep the peace

a *

On the top of those crags small shapes are leaping in rocketting silhouette against the lemon haze . . .

JAZZING UP THE ZOO

A First-hand Impression of a Thursday Evening Visit

By W. HOLT-WHITE

Who is the genius responsible for jazzing up the Zoo on Thursday nights?

With vicarious modesty the Zoological Society will probably continue to withhold his name. But the public should demand it. We should be permitted to acclaim him the One Great Man who has arisen in this country since the War.

We should erect at once, while yet he lives, a monument to his honour which should eclipse the glories of the Albert Memorial. It should be sustained by colossal marble elephants beset with bronze lions and festooned with brass monkeys and crowned with a halo of parakeets.

But what honour can we expect shall be done to such a national hero when the Society's First President is Commemorated by a small mural bust in the lion house above the inscription "Danger."

That, of course, refers to the lions and not to the First President. The humour of the thing is naturally unintentional. The Society never jokes.

It is that which makes the jazzing up of the Zoo on Thursday nights—why only Thursday nights?—so amazing. And it is so amazing that it has to be seen to be believed.

There has been nothing like it since the gay old sinful pre-War days of the White City and Earls Court. And that is at least one thing in which we "Over Forties" have the bulge on the "Younger Generation." For until, in some frolic mood, the "Membahs" jazzed up their almost sacrosanct gardens, the poor uninstructed "bright young things" of the "Younger Generation" never knew what it was to have an open-air playground in London after dark. The Dark Ages may have been before the War, but at least we did know how to brighten them.

And now, incredible miracle, it is the Zoological Society which in some madcap mood has decided to brighten them again. Let us jazz!

* * *

Our headlights lighten the dusky dell of the outer circle of the Regent's Park. And what are these still objects under the trees? Cars, and cars, and cars, Bentleys and Daimlers and Rolls, all parked neatly, mudguard to mudguard, with Morrises and Rovers and Austin Sevens. A mile of 'em. It looks like the car park along the Thames bank at Kempton Park Races. But it isn't. It is the car park of the folk who have gone to the jazz at the Zoo.

Electric lights, red and green and blue, shine through the foliage like myriads of hued stars. Here we are at the gates. "One bob a nob," and a click of the turnstile admits one to the jazz jungle of London's night.

It is a perfumed paradise. The moment one is within one is conscious that the illumined air is pregnant with a sweet heavy odour.

What is smell? No scientist has been able as yet to explain this particular one of the five senses.

But here is the soft, subtle odour which, according to one's experience or one's mood, reminds one of a jungle lair or a circus. There is not much difference.

Only now the pervading, almost sickly odour is notably pronounced. Is it possible that the emanations of wild animals resemble those of the tobacco plant in that they are more pungent to the nose at night?

But this is a digression. Let us wheel sharply to the right in this scented jungle. The Mappin Terraces rise steeply up to the sky in which a silver sickle of a moon seems pinned like a solitary ornament on the cloak of night.

A row of flood-lights irradiate the mountains of the bears. The brown bears of Europe stand almost motionless as though hypnotised by the gentle glow of the light. The Canadian bears drift uneasily about. They are not unhappy—only a little disdainful. They seem to be saying "Home was never like this."

Alone among the ursines the Polar bears attend strictly to business. They sit on their vast haunches, looming up like the idealized versions of the breed one sees in furriers' advertisements.

They appear to be serenely happy. Maybe the rays from the lamps arouse in their frost-bitten brains some reminiscence of the frozen comfort of long lost Northern lights.

However that may be, business comes first to Polar bears. And business means buns. They sway upon their haunches like monsters made of gleaming snowdrift, their upthrust muzzles nozzling the white night.

"Now, 'Erbert!" says a heavy father to his son among the crowding humans on the rail.

The boy, his fresh face set, takes aim. The muzzle of the snowdrift monster catches the flying ball of dough with the unerring skill of a Test Match player fielding a ball. "Gl-umph!" Another bun has gone to its appointed doom.

So the great snowdrift beasts sit swaying as they watch and wait. Hang the aurora borealis! What they want is buns! And they get them. Hang the old Arctic home! This is a great night to-night! It's good to be alive. Buns! "Gl-umph." Nothing like London buns!

By now one's eyes grow more practised with the lights and shadows, pick up the peaks of the rocks above the hillside of the bears. Above those rocks the afterglow of the sunset shines like a pale lemon haze.

On the top of those crags small shapes are leaping in rocketting silhouette against the lemon haze hanging above what surely must be the very summit of the world. Wild sheep? Let us go and see.

So we find them on their own especial crags high above the caves of the bears. Horned, agile, hairy creatures. Grave fathers, mild-eyed but careful mothers. And little ones gambolling in the white light: Have they a natally conveyed subconscious sense of the white moonlight on mountain tops they have never known?

A sentimental speculation born of the flood-lights; and doubtless an idle one! What time of an evening would those hairy little imps be tucked into bed on their native mountains? Like enough before moonlight. But what's the odds—they're having a devil of a time to-night, gambolling like spring-time lambs in an English meadow.

The crowd of Londoners glued along the rails watch and laugh.

Oh! Come on! Let's get to the heart of things. What is happening over there under the fairy lights?

There's the band! Where? Over there where all those humans are feeding.

Oh! I say, what a lark! They've put the band in a cage.

Nonsense! But it isn't nonsense. It's true! The band is housed in a huge cage made of gauze. Why? Ask the "Membahs" of the Society. Perhaps they felt that anything so savage as a band should be suitably housed.

Anyway, believe me or not, there is the band in a great gauze cage racketting out "1812." A plump bandsman in spectacles comes out and wedges some crackers into the railings. These are the "effects" for "1812" brought up-to-date. The bespectacled bandsman fires them. They go off with the sharp detonation of exploding whiz-bangs.

Above the racket comes the distant roar of some great beast of the jungle. A woman screams. A cheerful idiot has started the story that a tiger is loose and that they are shooting it.

So much for the effects of the "effects" of "1812." It might be as well to cut them out. One never knows.

Let's find something more cheerful. Where's the monkey house? Halfway up a dark path a solitary light gleams upon a sinister spectacle. Out of a murky tank is thrust a head as round as a cannon ball—a cannon ball with short, sleek, wet hair, and a pair of round bulging, dull, cruel, and sensual eyes. The horrible eyes blink and the bullet head disappears silently into the murky water leaving not a ripple on the surface.

Thank God it has gone. It was evil—definitely evil. What was it? Goodness knows! But it's nice to get into the bright light again and crowd into the monkey house.

Gad! but they are funny. A gang of them have possessed themselves of a handkerchief and have improvised a game which combines the rough and tumble of a Rugby scrum with the prehensile finesse of trapeze work.

Good heavens! It's ten o'clock and we haven't seen the elephants yet.

"Sorry, Sir," says an urbane keeper, "but the elephants, the rhinoceroses, and the giraffes are all in the other part—up the tunnel! And we can't illuminate that part so they are not on view."

Another dark patch. Ah! Not the lions but the sea lions. A great black fellow is wriggling with sinuous grace upon the top of a rock. He whimpers with excitement. "A fish! A fish! My kingdom for a fish!"

A shrill, high-pitched, nervous, pleading cry comes from within the cavern. It is his wife calling him home. But not he! An unseen hand has thrown a fish. With a scream of greed he has flashed into the dark water like a

(*Continued on p.* 154)

The great snowdrift beasts sit swaying as they watch and wait. Hang the aurora borealis! What they want is buns . . .

LATE NIGHTS AT THE ZOO

Leo and his Lady are Quietly Bored by the Innovation by which Animal-land, Regent's Park, is Kept Open until 11 p.m. on Thursday

AN IMPASSIONED PRAYER TO THE DROWSY GOD: The lioness signifies in no uncertain terms her unutterable boredom with the evening company at the Zoo. She apparently believes that her working (or waking!) hours should be limited to daylight, and that she should not be called upon to play by limelight—the logical extension of the Trades Union spirit

"NOW BLESSINGS LIGHT ON HIM WHO FIRST INVENTED SLEEP!" The weekly extension on Thursdays does not meet with complete leonine favour. Whatever they may have done in the wild they have got used to regular daylight hours for visitors during their life at the Zoo, and the kings and queens of the veld show their boredom in many humorous ways. Lions frequently appear not to see the ordinary visitor, and have been observed to throw one glance of silent protest to officials and those that know them intimately and then deliberately roll over on their back away from the spectator. The intention of one big-maned fellow the other evening was so obvious as to send observers into peals of laughter

The PAGEANTRY of the PALIO in ANCIENT

Gorgeously Redressed for the 1930 Celebration

A PALIO *OF YESTER-YEAR: An ancient picture of the great ceremony and pageant in the Campo of Siena—a function which has been maintained ever since its institution in the middle of the seventeenth century*

On right—*ITALY ANCIENT AND MODERN: The "music" in heraldic costume offers a vivid contrast to the dense throng of modern spectators in their utilitarian modern dress*

RECALLING THE CASQUES OF BENVENUTO: A helmet made by the Stenese sculptor Federigo Martelli for the Contrada *(municipal district) of the Porcupine, one of the seventeen wards into which the City of Siena is divided*

THE WAITERS' RACE: An amusing Roman function

The waiters carry at the double trays of filled glasses and decanters twice round the Colosseum. This year's race was run between the Colosseum and the Arch of Titus

Each quarter of Siena *(Contrada)* has, since the Middle Ages, had its own commander and administrator and each *contrada* has its own emblem emblazoned on the shields and helmets of the participants in the *Palio*. The armour and costumes have lately been renewed — largely by Federigo Martelli, who designed those of the Contrada dell' Istrice (Porcupine) — the helmet of which is executed in silvered copper

A BUCKLER WITH ITS CHARGE: The Shield of the Porcupine

SIENA

PREPARING FOR THE RACE: The picturesque scene in the Campo or Piazza. This great pageant is held both on July 2—the Feast of the Visitation—and August 16—the day after the Assumption a banner has been tossed high in air

BROTHERS IN ARMS: A twentieth-century Fascist and a fifteenth-century Halberdier clasp hands at the Palio

Special interest attaches this year to the famous Palio of Siena through the renewal of the costumes of those taking an active part in the festivals which have now achieved more than a European celebrity. These festivals, whose title in full is "Palio delle Contrade," are held in the public square, the Piazza del Campo, now called the Piazza de Vittorio Emanuele, whose shape resembles that of an ancient theatre. The races, dating back to the Middle Ages, were instituted in commemoration of the public victories and in honour of the Virgin Mary, whose name is associated with that of Siena. While to-day the races are run by horses, the festivals began with donkey-fights carried twice round the Campo. These were superseded by bull-fights, which in their turn were replaced by races on mounted buffaloes at the end of the sixteenth century, and in 1650 the horse-races began. Originally these races had nothing to do with the Contrade, or wards, but were run by the Republic, when foreign nobles and even reigning sovereigns entered their steeds to compete with those of the Sienese notabilities. To-day, from the seventeen wards into which the city is divided, ten are chosen by lot to send a horse to compete for the prize Palio or banner during the festivity, which still bears the medieval stamp harmonizing so well with the architecture and history of Siena

THE BULL MARKET in KINGS

As democratic institutions quiver in Old Europe the stock of kings, so depressed after the War, steadily rises, and ex-kings and dispossessed princes have new hopes of regaining lost thrones. But kings to-day are learning to play a new rôle in a world which is rapidly and marvellously changing

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

Since Carol showed how thrones may be regained in a gay and gallant manner, there has been a great stir among exiled princes and kings thrown out by peoples or by politicians.

All along the sun-bathed Southern beaches and in the brighter capitals, where the royal dispossessed console themselves with their wives or mistresses and make-believe Courts, the idea of regaining a throne which had been given up as lost is budding, blossoming, like a spring flower as a long winter breaks up and a warm sun shines forth once more. Everywhere significant whispers, encouraging tips, plots and counter-plots, coming and going of emissaries, hasty summoning of advisers, convening of royalist parties and monarchist councils!

Survey the European scene, and, bearing in mind the Carol phenomenon and the immense popularity and entrenched strength of the several existing monarchies, take an imaginative journey into the skull of an exiled royalty, and see if you would not be stirred and encouraged by the trend of events and the new reaction of the European tribes to the idea of kingship.

In Britain you would perceive a monarchy so popular that the Ministers of a Labour Government make no bones now, nor excuses to their supporters, about dressing up in Court suits and attending levees and Courts; and even the most violent left extremists avoid criticizing the monarchy, which is, indeed, stronger that at any time in its chequered history.

In Belgium King Albert has never had a moment's anxiety, despite the Socialist character of Governments in that land. The same remark applies to the Sovereigns of Denmark, to Holland, to Norway, and to Sweden. Crusted monarchies not merely survive, but are acclaimed. Poland would like to have a king but cannot find one, and is obliged to do the best it can with Dictator Pilsudski.

In Bulgaria there have been riots, revolutions, and political assassinations, but the bachelor King Boris still sits his throne amid the tumult, and his seat looks tighter now than when he assumed it.

A Dictator has come and gone in Spain, but the thirteenth Alfonso hangs on, although republicanism has been confidently prophesied there for years; and while serious troubles with a revolutionary aspect break out in Seville, Don Alphonso, lean, sun-burned, merry, debonair, calmly watches the polo at Hurlingham and takes tea with Lady Londonderry in Mayfair.

Why is he so calm? He comes to London via Paris, and in Paris he has intimate and friendly conversation with the late Primo de Rivera's *bête noir*, Señor Alba, the exiled political leader. They discuss a deal—the limitation of the powers of the monarchy in exchange for the restoration of the constitution and the return of the politicians to the old places of power and privilege from which they were so rudely ejected by the major-generals.

The king knows that without the politicians, experienced in handling humanity in the mass, life for him is going to be just one military Dictator after another and one crisis after another; and the politician knows that without the monarchy back of him life for him is going to be just one revolution after another, after the Portuguese manner since King Manoel was forcibly retired to an English country estate, and the generals and politicians took over in approved Latin-American style.

Like good business men and sensible folk, they get together, Alphonso and Alba, and see if a problem of mutual self-interest cannot be worked out. And no doubt it will be worked out. Meanwhile the politician pays his own hotel bill in Paris, while Alphonso is maintained by the army, the Church, his numerous relatives, and the people in the greatest luxury in Spain and elsewhere.

A first-class crisis arises in Jugo-Slavia, and at once the chatter runs through the Chancelleries of Europe that another king is about to be pensioned off. But on this new throne sits a king of the modern mould—a youngish man of keen and vigorous visage, with watchful and penetrating eyes behind rimless pince-nez and under decisive eyebrows. He is no man's fool. He takes hold of the situation boldly, and himself assumes the rôle of Dictator of his great kingdom straddled over the shores of the Eastern Adriatic. And no further news of trouble in Jugo-Slavia has percolated through to the world to date.

On the night of the Fascist march on Rome I chanced to be dining in the Athenæum Club in London with an eminent historian and an English diplomat from the Paris Embassy. At that time the King market had not recovered from the depressing effects of the War, and was markedly bearish. "Good-bye, Victor Emmanuel!" was therefore the tenor of the comments of both these knowledgeable men. They looked for a politic abdication "in the interests of the State," after a brief period, while public opinion was being prepared.

But the monarchy flourishes, although in cold storage, and the Crown Prince Umberto's marriage to the pretty Belgian Princess Marie José has had the effect of putting down new strong roots. That Royal House will probably flower progressively as the Dictatorship inevitably, in course of time, withers. It is so popular that the Duce takes care to associate himself with the King in all matters of constitutional principle and procedure, and never allows the King to be photographed alone—Mussolini must always be by his side.

Early in July Count Bethlen, Prime Minister of Hungary, arrived in London. He sat at dinner-tables with his dark, lively, good-looking wife, an enigmatic, thin, silent man. Care seemed to sit heavily on him despite his gay company. And no wonder. He had come to consult with the British Government concerning the ultimate disposal of the throne of Hungary.

Next November Archduke Otto will be eighteen, a legal age, and it is expected that he will claim the throne from which his late father, King Charles, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, had to flee. Archduke Otto is at present in Belgium with his mother, the ex-Empress Zita. All his life he has been brought up with the idea of being king one day.

The Hungarian minority in Transylvania, that huge rich territory carved out of Hungary after the War and handed over to Roumania, want Otto and a resurgence of nationalism in their old homeland, and the revision by force or otherwise of the Trianon Treaty embodying the transfer. But many of the Hungarian loyalists are opposed to the succession of the Hapsburgs, and are offering the Hungarian throne to King Carol of Roumania. The French Government would also rather see a united Hungarian-Roumanian empire than a return of the Hapsburgs. Italy, on the other hand, wants Otto as a foil against French influence, and is accused of actively plotting a *coup d'état*, which would be supported by thousands of Italian officers and men disguised as civilians and smuggled into Hungary, and in the last resort by the Italian Army marching across Southern Austrian territory into Hungary, the idea being to confront the Little Entente with a *fait accompli*.

It sounds wild enough, but Mussolini has been intriguing in Hungary for years; there have been several arms-smuggling incidents implicating Italy, and both Jugo-Slavia and Roumania are always complaining of hostile Italian moves calculated either to weaken them or to detach them from their military alliance with France. One may safely say that if Otto did come to the Hungarian throne Mussolini would stand himself several drinks of his favourite Lacrima Christi.

There is, of course, always the possibility that Queen Marie, that formidable match-maker, might pull off another of her celebrated matrimonial coups, and marry her youngest daughter, the lovely Ileana, to a restored Otto, thus uniting Roumania and Hungary in one royal family. But how Carol and Otto would get on together is a question.

The Roumanian Queen is kept pretty busy trying to interest the influential ones of Europe, and especially the magnates of international finance, in the idea of restoring the monarchy in Greece. Greece has suffered much from its kings, and especially from the crazy Constantine, who was afflicted by a Napoleonic complex; but ex-King George, Carol's brother-in-law, is voted a nice young man, and nothing really stands in the way of his return except a bunch of politicians who are growing neither younger nor more popular.

One day, perhaps, some interested millionaire will finance a coup, as Zaharoff financed the Venezelian scheme for a greater Greece, and then George will desert the tennis courts of English country houses and the dance-restaurants of London and Paris for the not unpicturesque life of a king in the royal palace of Athens.

He is a most Anglicized royalty in looks and tastes who had a spell of training as a youth in the British Navy, and English Imperialists would not be sorry to see him restored. But Italy, to curb whose aspirations in Asia-Minor Lloyd George and the late Marquis Curzon urged Greece into her disastrous war, financed by a Greek-born French-domiciled munitions magnate possessed of an English knighthood—Italy, who hates the idea of an Anglicized Greek naval bastion to the east of her, interfering with her freedom of view and action in the Eastern Mediterranean, would be extremely annoyed.

A FUTURE KING OF EUROPE? Otto, hereditary heir to the throne of Hungary, who may possibly yet wear the Iron Crown, from his latest portrait

Hence, as usual, a whole web of intrigue and counter-intrigue, influence and counter-influence at the back of this pleasant young ex-king who now saunters around the playgrounds of England and France with his Roumanian wife.

A few days after Carol's advent in Roumania a dark and romantic-looking young man was observed in the Royal box at Ascot. It was Prince Danilo of Montenegro, whose wife claims both King George V and Queen Mary as her cousins. When he was last in London, in 1913, he was surrounded by the pomp and ceremony due to the heir to the Montenegrin throne. Now he has no throne; his kingdom vanished in the post-War Balkan merger operations.

But Danilo is a romantic person still, a Crown Prince of that part of Europe where such fantasies as the Carol coup can occur, and he has not lost hope of sitting on the throne of a restored Montenegro. Who knows what may happen in Europe? One war absorbed his little kingdom in the combined kingdom of the Croats, Slovenes, and Serbs. Another may well break up that new conglomerate State, and he may be put back on the throne of his forefathers by a Power anxious to divide, if not in order to rule, at least in order to exert a predominant influence.

He ought to derive some encouragement from the high adventure of Zogu, that thirty-three-year-old mountain chieftain of Albania who two years ago successfully turned himself into a king.

King Zogu the First functions now as the undisputed autocrat of his country and the idol of his people. He holds an infant fort between the huge and aggrandized Jugo-Slavia, stretching eagerly for an outlet to the Mediterranean, and a glowering Italy desperately determined to bar the way to that outlet. He may be in Mussolini's pocket, since that potentate lent him £2,000,000 and secured the right to train the Albanian Army and build strategical roads and works in Albania, but among his own 800,000 subjects he is very much the king.

Kings! Outside wild mountain States they are not what they used to be. They can no longer impose themselves, exploit, dominate, rule in the absolute tradition, claim to hold their thrones directly of God.

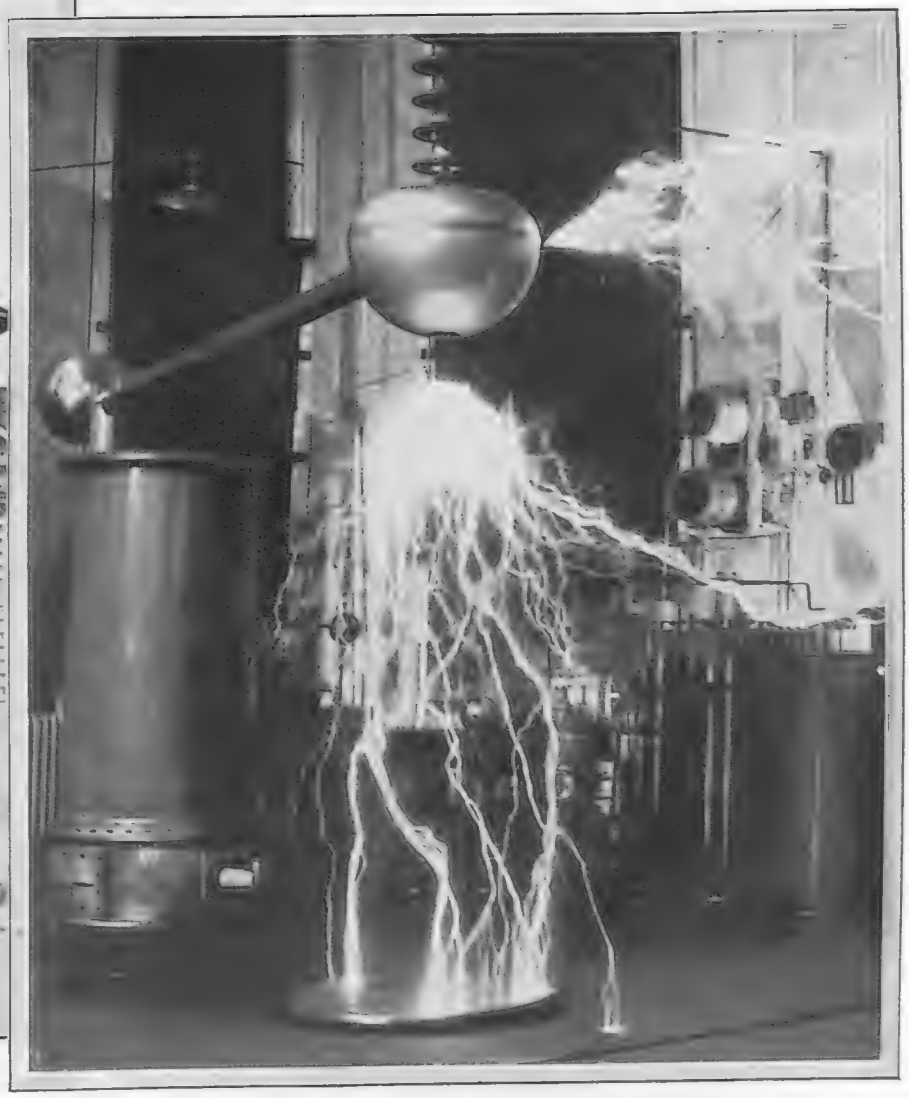
They are summoned now by peoples or by political groups, or levered into position by interested Great Powers. But mainly they are wanted and welcomed by peoples who, unable to find a leader made of ordinary human material and possessed of the essential attributes of leadership, hanker for a symbol round which to wreathe their hopes, fears, aspirations, and longings for stability—a king who looks like a leader if he is not one.

Consider Carol, a weak, amorous prince recalled to further the interests and fortunes—of whom? Of the peasant masses! The interests one normally associates with kings, the nobles, the financial powers, the banker industrialists, the *boyars*—these were exactly the interests hostile to Carol, and it was to break them that the astute peasant leaders staged the Carol coup.

The truth is, times and men change at a tempo that constantly increases; and kings must change, too, or perish. If Wilhelm II of Germany had kept pace with a changing world he would hold his throne to-day. If he had not been an astounding anachronism, a throw-back to the vanished day when a king could say "*L'état, c'est moi*" and not lie, he would not to-day hide his diminished ageing head in a Dutch castle inside a barbed-wire fence.

GIANT TRANSFORMERS AND THE OMNIBUS GRID: The outdoor sub-station located at the top of the Conowingo Power Plant, Philadelphia. On left the huge porcelain insulators can be seen, and above is the omnibus grid

FLINGING ARTIFICIAL BOLTS OF JOVE: Huge American transformers capable of throwing a bolt of artificial lightning over 27 ft. long, mounted like lighthouses



HARNESSING ELECTRICITY: At the new Research Laboratory of the Metropolitan Vickers Electrical Company at Trafford Park, Manchester, there is some remarkable high-voltage apparatus—titanic structures capable of delivering a current of a million volts. For the purpose of demonstrating the transformer the laboratory was plunged into darkness and an electric thunderstorm produced. The condensers, each 20 ft. in diameter, looked like giant mushrooms in the eerie blue light. Current ran in a glittering stream to a huge copper ball suspended from an insulator 12 ft. from the ground, exactly like lightning flashes, until there came a huge flash, more brilliant than the rest, accompanied by a terrific crack and roar like a thunderbolt. The picture shows an 8-ft. sparkover to earth at 750,000 volts (peak) by means of damped oscillations at a frequency of 100,000 cycles per second

THE ELECTRICAL AGE IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

Autobiography Rampant

A Series of Fascinating Self-told Tales

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

This week has provided four notable autobiographies, variously by a singer, a soldier, a savage, and a novelist. A more diverse quartet could not be imagined, and their experiences almost circle the globe. The first of these in size, interest, and importance is really a rescue effected by Mr. S. M. Ellis. He has rediscovered the *Reminiscences of Michael Kelly*, and, using them as a background, has drawn a picture of the age in which Kelly made such a figure which is of absorbing interest. Mr. Ellis is a man of indefatigable industry, with an encyclopædic mind, a somewhat acid courage of opinion, and a passion for footnotes. His footnotes are as delightful as the rest of the book, which is four hundred pages long, and with not a line too much.

THE PROPHET OF THE MELTING POT: Theodore Dreiser

The Life of Michael Kelly (Gollancz. 25s.) is a mirror of contemporary fashion, a mine of anecdote, and the most absorbing commentary on men, women, art, and life that I have encountered for many years. I never ceased to wonder at Mr. Ellis's alertness. Thus, in a passing comment on "Monk" Lewis, he tells us that he died in the arms of his Venetian servant, Tita, and adds, "who was Byron's gondolier and also present at his death, and later still in the service of Isaac d'Israeli, and chief messenger at the India Office." There, *en passant*, we have a life history which has escaped so many delvers among Byroniana.

This Michael Kelly was an amazing fellow. An unquenchable Irish lad, he went to Italy as a musical prodigy in the days of Sir William Hamilton and Lady Hamilton. He met kings and queens, saw Prince Charles Edward Stewart, and his brother, the Cardinal of York; he witnessed Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette brought back as prisoners from Varennes, saw Napoleon at the height of his regal arrogance, talked with Nelson, and won the friendship of Mozart, Haydn, and Gluck. After walking the Continental scene, where he cut an elegant figure, he returned to London. He was stage manager at the Opera House, in the Haymarket, for thirty years, entered into management of Drury Lane with Sheridan, and had as friends and fellow-actors Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Jordan.

He must have been an engaging fellow. He had the entrée of an aristocratic circle in the days when the acting profession was not respectable, and stage stars were not accustomed to patronize peers and grace the dinner-parties of duchesses recruited from the same source. It was an age of the grand manner, when generosity had not to consider an income tax of one-fifth of its funds.

Apart from Kelly's fascinating personal history, there are many sidelights on the age. Venice and the brilliant Court at Vienna saw Kelly in triumphant appearances as an opera singer. In the former place he was the guest of the daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa; he witnessed the triumph of Nancy Storace, an English girl of sixteen, as *prima donna*, and became the friend of that extraordinary woman the Countess von Rosenberg, the illegitimate daughter of a bogus English baronet. The lady appears in Casanova's memoirs, and that blithe adventurer was living in Venice, pardoned by the Republic that had imprisoned him, when Kelly was there. In Vienna he met Mozart, Gluck, and Haydn, and was captivated by the neat, charming personality of Mozart, who gave him much advice.

A WRITER AND A PERSONALITY UNIQUE: Major Yeats-Brown

The friend of so many distinguished men and the recipient of so many kindnesses must have been in himself a remarkable character. The range of his activities was astonishing, and this Life, based on his own autobiography, presents a picture of Europe that commands unflagging attention. Mr. Ellis has put us deeply into debt for so much pleasure. He has given us the key of a wonderful storehouse.

In his autobiography, *Bengal Lancer* (Gollancz. 9s.), Mr. Francis Yeats-Brown, presents himself in a variety of rôles, as pigsticker, polo player, and mystic. To these he might have added phases of his career as special correspondent and editor. After short episodes of pigsticking and polo playing in India, and the wisdom slowly learned as the newest subaltern in the Bengal Lancers, he fell under the spell of India's mystic gods.

He has compressed into a short life of ceaseless intellectual curiosity an astonishing variety of rôles and experiences, even for one whose age coincided with the opportunities presented by the War. He served for six months on the Western Front, and was then transferred to the Mesopotamian Flight of the Royal Flying Corps. He was made a prisoner by the Turks after an attempt to cut the telegraph wires outside Bagdad. Of 14,000 prisoners of war only 3,000 returned to England after the Turk had imprisoned them. In the briefest outline the author gives a vivid description of the horrors of that experience:

"I lay in bed in a house in the Cotswolds on the first Christmas Eve of peace, watching shadows from the fire passing over my brass hot-water jug. Outside the waits were singing. A few months ago I was shivering in a cellar littered with tomato skins and crusts of bread, with sleek rats and mangy men for my companions. One of the prisoners had been shackled to the wall by chains riveted to his wrists and ankles."

Upon Mr. Yeats-Brown's philosophy and belief it is difficult to express an opinion. With his face set towards the Himalayas, he asks, "would it be my work, I wondered, to tell the West a little of what may be discovered there, and how Christ Himself threw the light of His divinity upon the truths that were known in the childhood of the Vedas?" The end of that quest is left as vague as the philosophy he has embraced, but the history of it is written with a sincerity that commands attention and respect.

It is a curious book, passing from action to contemplation. Well-written, with a sense of the dramatic and poetic, I have not been able to draw from it any definite conception of its author, but perhaps elusiveness is his chief quality. It is unlike any other book, as I imagine Mr. Yeats-Brown must be quite unlike any other person, and this quality of the unique gives it singular attraction.

If you could extract a negro from Darkest Africa and get him to write his life's story, what an amazing book it would be. Well, here it has been done in *An African Savage's Own Story* (Knopf. 10s. 6d.). At the first glance I thought the book must be a fake, but the facts are quite beyond fabrication. Seldom has Fate played such amazing tricks upon a man as upon Lobagola, a black Jew descended from the lost tribes of Israel, where some of their traditions have been maintained amid fetish worship.

A little nigger boy of six, impelled by curiosity, leaves his native village, and after the dangers of traversing the jungle, he comes to the sea, where he sees a thing that is a ship. It sails while he is below inspecting a cabin. The little wild thing, naked and terrified, refuses clothes and food. Finally the ship puts in to Glasgow, he escapes, and the sight of a naked nigger boy in the streets collects a crowd. He is adopted by a kindly Scotsman of wealth, who educates him along with his own boy.

Five years later he returns to his tribe to resume life in the bush. Here he is initiated into the tribal mysteries, and at the age of twelve given six wives. Wearying of this he makes his way back to his Scottish home. In turns he is a fugitive, a savage in a procession of Lady Godiva at Coventry, and a workman in a Humber factory. Boulogne, Paris, Antwerp, Russia, and Germany are visited, whereupon he again returns to the African jungle. There are horrors galore, folk-lore, witchcraft, a return journey to Scotland, the legacy of a thousand pounds, gaol for theft, adventure in the United States, and finally the War, in which he becomes a lance-corporal in the British Army.

At the moment Lobagola is a much-bewildered savage, living in New York, who has painfully tapped out this incredible story on a typewriter. It is certainly true. It is beyond the human mind to imagine such a saga of blood, horror, magic, adventure, courage, grief, lust, and folk-lore. It is useless to review such a book. Read it, and sit back bewildered by the story of this poor bewildered savage. He holds a mirror up to our civilization which makes us feel we are in a zoo, and uncertain on which side of the bars we stand. It is the grandest adventure book since *Robinson Crusoe*, and that was only fiction!

Lobagola is now lecturing. He appears also to be a successful variety turn. I am sure Mr. Cochran can do something with him, even his capacity for running amok, for which Lobagola offers no apology. As an antidote to Paul Robeson, Lobagola would prove the alpha to his omega.

MUSICIAN, ACTOR, AND BON VIVEUR: Michael Kelly

I clearly remember my first meeting with Theodore Dreiser in New York. He has a countenance in which the struggle he has had with life is clear for all to see. If he is the greatest American novelist, despite a complete absence of subtlety in his style, but by virtue of his immense power of conception and acute observation, he is also the sanest. Strictly speaking, *Colour of a Great City* (Constable. 10s.) is not an autobiography, but it covers every aspect of American life, and presents a very vivid scene of the most confused civilization that has ever been known.

I have been told that the "coming American novelist" is William Faulkner. He is likened to D. H. Lawrence, but I cannot find any of that erotic subtlety which flowered into genius in *Sons and Lovers*. Mr. Faulkner's novel, *Soldiers' Pay*, is a study of sex obsession. It opens with, to me, a quite incomprehensible chapter in the most barbarous Americanese. This dreadful prelude over, there are glimpses of rare power in between brutal immersion in the boiling cauldron of sex. Sentences like "Jones, a fat Mirandola in a chaste Platonic nympholepsy, a religio-sentimental orgy in grey tweed, shaping an insincere fleeting articulation of damp clay to an old imperishable desire" are scarcely worthy of an undergraduate of prose, certainly not of a master. The author has the root of the matter in him, but his style is too consciously original.

Once, in a château in France, I was taken up to an old spinet. "Here," said my hostess, "Chopin sat playing when he was first observed by George Sand," and, continuing this reminiscense of that amusing woman, a few weeks later I occupied the room in the Danieli Hotel, at Venice, where she lived out her ill-starred affair with Alfred de Musset, and transferred her capricious fancy to handsome young Dr. Pagello.

She was a woman of genius who had the supreme art of story telling. Turgeniev marvelled at her power in simple description, and neglect should not overtake her even in this age of the woman novelist. If anything can serve to keep her work attractive then it will be by such editions as this, *The Country Waif* (Scholartis Press. 8s. 6d.), which also includes "The Castle of Pictordu." The printing is exquisite and the translation faultless.

briefly recommended

Little Known England, by *Harold D. Eberlein.* (Batsford. 12s. 6d. net.)—Shropshire and Hereford, on the borders of the Welsh Marches; the Cotswolds in Gloucester and Oxford; the Chalk Hills of Bucks and Berks; and the Eastern Counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, are attractively described. Any lover of England or any tourist in the districts covered would be glad of this volume.

Touring London with W. Teignmouth Shore (Batsford. 4s. net.)—One of the few books that lives up to the phrase of the jacket, i.e. "This is a book for you if you LIVE in London, or if you VISIT London, or love to READ about London. The text is starred with felicitous quotations.

London Town, by *Sidney Dark.* (Harrap. 7s. 6d. net.)—An attractive guide book to the greatest city in the world by a former editor of *John o' London's Weekly* and the present editor of *The Church Times*. It is a book replete with gossip—say rather gospel or good news—about the Empire's capital.

Suffolk and Norfolk, by *M. R. James, O.M.* (Dent. 5s. net.)—An amazing work at an infinitesimal cost. Roman remains, Saxon remains, castles, and churches, all come under the penetrating and practised eye of the Provost of Eton. A book for both author and publisher to be proud of. It is illustrated with one hundred drawings by G. E. Chambers and twenty-four photographic reproductions.

THE FOURTH BRIDE of HENRY the "MARRIED"

Anne of Cleves, the "Flanders Mare": Child of a German Prince, Wife of an English King

This portrait of Anne of Cleves, by Hans Wertinger, showing her in an elaborate brown dress embroidered with bands of gold braid, jewelled bracelets, pearl ornaments, and a yellow head-dress enriched with pearls, was sold at Christie's last week. The tale of this Lutheran Princess is a legend of the nursery history books. Brought to England by Thomas Cromwell as the fourth bride of Henry VIII, she had, as was the custom of those days, sent on before her a portrait by Holbein, commissioned by the King. On beholding the difference between art and nature, the burly Tudor with the brutal Tudor tongue cried out, "By God's Sonties I had thought to have had a woman and they have sent me a Flanders mare!" Though she held her title but for a few months, her influence was great in English history, for it was in dissatisfaction with Cromwell, who, in his ardent Protestantism, had arranged the match, that Henry had Wolsey's successor, the second of his great Ministers, beheaded. Anne, reconverted to Romanism, was buried, by order of Mary Tudor, beneath the famous portrait of Richard II in Westminster Abbey.

Lady DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

A BEAUTIFUL BONE OF CONTENTION: The glorious statue of Nefertiti, which may—or may not—be ceded by Prussia to the royal lady's native land

A PAPER TROJAN WAR.—The "War of Antiquity" between Egypt and Germany over the exquisitely beautiful head of Nefertiti, Egyptian Queen about the time that Moses was found in the bulrushes on the shores of the Nile, has broken out again between Cairo and Berlin. Germany—it would be more correct to say the State of Prussia—declines to approve the surrender of the dainty sculpture, even after the Cairo and Berlin Museums had agreed upon an exchange following many months of negotiations tactfully carried out by Dr. Hafiz Afifi, Egyptian Foreign Minister, Hassan Pasha Nachaat, Egyptian Minister in Berlin, and Herr Eberhard von Stohrer, the very popular German Minister in Cairo.

Having brought the Museum authorities together the diplomatists left the delicate matter in archæological hands, accustomed to dealing with Egypt's ancient dead, and retired to the background in order that there might be no shadow of politics. Everything was amicably arranged. The Cairo Museum of Antiquities offered in exchange a large statue of Pharaoh Amenhotep "The Wise," and of the High Priest Ranofer. Thousand of Berliners flocked to the Museum to bid farewell to "Unser Schoene Koenigin" (Our beautiful Queen), next to Cleopatra probably the most beautiful Queen Egypt ever had, and for whom German museum visitors have had an extraordinary sentimental attachment.

Then questions were raised in the Prussian Parliament, the shadow of politics provoked misunderstanding again, and Egypt's ten-year "war" for the return of the pretty Queen promises to be resumed.

It recalls the war between the Greeks and the Trojans for Helen of Troy. But in these refined days, only diplomatic notes are shot back and forth.

WHERE LIES CLEOPATRA?—When will Mr. Howard Carter or some other famous archæologist in Egypt turn his attention to finding the tomb of Cleopatra, the greatest queen and most outstanding woman of antiquity, if not of all history?

Archæologists differ as to the disposal of her remains after death. Some maintain that she was cremated. Others claim that her last wish to be buried beside Mark Antony was fulfilled. This last theory is the one most generally believed and put forward by her biographers.

I believe there would be greater world interest in the discovery of her burial-place than even that of Alexander the Great, excavating research for which has now been authorized by the Egyptian Department of Antiquities. Alexander, who died at the age of thirty-three in Babylon, 323 B.C., is believed to have been brought to Alexandria, the city he founded, and buried in what is now the Mosque of Nebi Daniel. It is there where the excavations are authorized to take place. The Egyptian Government authorities, however, have laid down the rigorous condition that if found, the body is not to be removed or touched.

Cleopatra captured the love of Julius Cæsar, and after his assassination "ensnared" his friend Mark Antony, so the male Roman historians, who fearing her, hated her, declare.

Mark Antony gave up Rome, honours, fame, for the love of the great Queen. When after the lost battle of Actium he killed himself, Cleopatra, undaunted by death, followed him, but not before she asked that she should be buried by his side. Their grave has never been found.

No woman in history has furnished so much dramatic material for dramatists and writers. Only the other day a large volume of research into the history and times of Cleopatra by Oskar von Wertheimer was published. It is the most impartial and fairest effort to depict this "much vilified outstanding woman of history," as she probably was, that I have read.

THE DARKEST (ECONOMIC) HOUR.—Conviction that there is something wrong with our present-day economic and political systems is rapidly spreading.

Experts and specialists quarrel whether it is "super-production" or "sub-consumption." Some preach "greater economy," which means less buying, in turn decreased manufacture and production, with inevitably less work. The less employment, the smaller "buying power." Others advocate "open new markets," but do not reveal where those markets, with buying capacity, may be discovered.

The world is moaning under a universal economic depression unprecedented in history.

Some attribute it to "politics"—to Democracy, Socialism, Communism, Fascism. Others assert that the attempt of Economics to rule and run Politics has made all the trouble.

The World War snuffed out the lives of ten to fifteen million people to "Make the World safe for Democracy" and to bring the blessings of "Self determination of Peoples."

To-day there are ten millions of workless. Even America's boasted "prosperity" burst like a bubble, and Americans are now farther than ever from the thought of "We forgive our Debtors." "Black Fridays" and "Blue Mondays" in Wall Street have given American effervescent optimism a deep indigo hue, which fails utterly for the time being to react to the Christian-Science-like idea "There IS Prosperity" and prosperity follows. American gloom makes deeper the gloom in Europe.

In Russia, experimental field of Communism, there are food-ration cards—in a land of unlimited agricultural resources.

China has double grief—slump in the price of silver, consequent depreciation of its currency, and the chaos of another civil war. No statesman or economist seems to give any thought as to how China's half billion potential buyers can gradually be turned into actual consumers.

Japan has vast unemployment. India is in political and economic turmoil. Its boycott weapon against British goods is bloodless, but not painless to us. Egypt threatens to adopt a similar war against our vulnerable economics.

Germany, like Britain, is staggering under super-taxation, unemployment, and in addition, has the gigantic reparations of the Young Plan, which is not proving itself to be a blessing, as hoped. Politically it is a veritable Witch's cauldron.

Spain, Poland, Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Italy, are all in a bad way. Brazil is bordering on wage-slavery again. Australia and Canada are shutting down on immigration. The United States has raised still higher tariff barriers against foreign goods, and its immigration gateway threatens to become the "Eye of a Needle."

The wheat, cotton, wool, coffee, tea, rubber, steel, and petroleum markets of the world have become stagnated.

Perhaps it is darkest before Dawn—but we are not near that Dawn yet.

WILLIAM TELL: Herr E. Schiffner in the title-rôle of the great classic by Schiller, which was played at the Municipal Theatre at Mainz on the occasion of the final evacuation of the Rhineland

A JAPANESE ZEPPELIN?—Japan, I hear from Tokio, has under consideration the building of a giant Zeppelin airship.

Greatly impressed by the remarkable performance of the *Graf Zeppelin* on its Round-the-World flight last August the decision to have a Zeppelin was, given another impetus by the successful flight to South America in May.

Specifications, plans, probable performance of an airship of six million cubic feet capacity, have, so I hear, been asked for. That means an airship nearly one-third as large again as the German *Graf Zeppelin*. Though Japanese engineers are to be sent to America as well as Germany, it may be assumed that the order will go to the Germans, who can build such a ship thirty to fifty per cent. cheaper than can the Americans.

Britain, not yet having demonstrated the superiority of the *R 100* or the *R 101*, I was told, does not come into consideration for building the Japanese airship, although those types are also to be studied.

The "Blau-gas"—fuel gas—feature, which gives the *Graf Zeppelin* a flight range up to 140 hours, strongly appeals to the Japanese.

It will not be a costly undertaking for Japan to experiment with a Zeppelin. An airship dock, or hangar, costs more than the airship, and the Japanese already have an excellent Zeppelin hangar at Kasumigaura, near Tokio, which only needs to have its roof raised to house a ship of the size desired.

The fact that America is building two gigantic Zeppelins for the U.S. Navy, and that an American Zeppelin line from California to Honolulu, eventually to Manila, is being planned, very likely also has something to do with Japan's determination not to be left in the rear in long range lighter-than-air craft.

THE TALE OF A TALE OF YEARS.—Zaro Aga, the modern "Methuselah," has been imported into the United States by the "Drys" to convert the "Wets" to water and long life. Zaro Aga is reputed to be 160 years old and, being a faithful Moslem, claims that he has never tasted a drop of alcohol in all that century and a half.

He is a Kurd, was born in a village in the Caucasian Mountains, and places his birthday in the year 1770, nine years—if correct—before Britain lost its American colonies, now the United States, who declared their Independence in 1779.

This Kurdish Methuselah, so the Turkish archives confirm, has been married fourteen times, with only one wife at a time. He is alleged to have sixty-five children.

At the age of thirty-five, so his story goes, he was a sergeant in the army of Napoleon in Egypt, having volunteered. He says that he has a vivid recollection of the great Corsican as he saw him in Egypt 125 years ago. With the evacuation of Egypt by Napoleon, Zaro Aga landed on the Island of Corfu with some of the troops. After several years he drifted back to Turkey, and for a while says he was "executioner" for Ali Pasha.

As infantry sergeant, he fought with the Turks in the war of the Greeks for Independence. At the age of sixty, in 1830, he was again in Constantinople. Hunger forced him to become a "hamal," a porter or carrier of heavy loads, just as one sees in Oriental harbours to this day. He advanced to be "chief hamal," or what would now be "Boss of the Union."

More years glided by. One wife after the other died. Generations passed. Zaro Aga lived on. For wives, he always took girls between the age of fourteen and twenty-two, never older.

In the Greco-Turkish war of 1897, Zaro Aga, then 127 years old, was accepted as a volunteer. His thirteenth wife, proving unfaithful while he was being exhibited in Paris, he divorced her upon his return to Constantinople.

In 1921, then 151 years old, the Kurdish Methuselah took unto himself his fourteenth wife, a girl of fifteen, who last year presented him with his sixty-fifth child.

In Constantinople, he has been a local sensation for tourists for some years. His frequent emphasis that he owes his longevity to "only water" finally reached the fanatical "Drys" in America. It seems that as a last desperate move to save the "Volstead Act" they are importing Zaro Aga.

What to See During Navy Week (II)

The Strenuous Under-sea Work of the Diver, to be Seen During Navy Week at Portsmouth—August 2–9

THE MOMENT BEFORE THE DESCENT: Affixing the heavy spherical helmet at the water's edge

WITH ALL APPLIANCES IN PLACE: The actual moment of descent. Not only is the tube accurately coiled but the safety taps are tested

"DOWN TO THE SEA"—NOT IN SHIPS! The crew fits the fantastic-looking helmet over the diver's head

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING DOWN FOR?" A diver often forgets his errand and must be reminded of it the moment before descent

THE EMERGENCY RISE: In the event of a crisis, the diver need not signal to his crew to pull him up, but can force himself to the surface by the manipulation of a gauge and tap. There is a certain danger in rising too fast, however

SIGNS OF LIFE: Ascent or descent produces the impression seen in this picture. A strange psychological phenomenon is the fact that a diver tends to forget what he goes down for. He is reminded the instant before submergence and, on his re-appearance, is again asked on what errand he was sent down. Even experienced divers suffer from this strange complaint, which is as yet both inexplicable and difficult to cure

TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATION: Air pressure is regulated by this means. The diver is kept down by the weight of his dress, to each boot of which fourteen pounds of lead are affixed. He is raised by the inflation of his dress

The HIGH ROAD to the JOYS

An Illustrated Record of the Purchase of an Aeroplane

THE GYPSY MOTH: "This 'plane may be fitted with various engines. The Gypsy engine is the most popular. The Moth has a great record for, among others, the Prince of Wales owns one, and it has beaten all light aeroplane records at one time or another. Miss Amy Johnson used this type of machine"

EXPLANATION WITH A MODEL: Before going into the air, the main controls are explained. The pilot-salesman demonstrates the control-column

EXPLAINING THE ENGINE: the manner in which thi air and is readily acce cowling (motor

FOR THE TRIAL: The customer gets into the aft cockpit—the position from which the majority of pilots fly

WELL AWAY: A remarkable picture of a Gypsy Moth among th number indicates that it is re

READY TO START. The pilot salesman seated in the forward cockpit gives a few final instructions to the customer

The great thrill of to-day is the purchase of an aeroplane. More and more private flying is coming into its own until the prognostications of the imaginative writers and caricaturists of thirty years ago, who visioned the air a-swarm with winged figures, each propelled by a small motor attached to the waist, bid fair to be realized. Buying a flying-machine has in it something of buying a car. The pilot-salesman is of the same genus as the demonstrator; trial runs are common to both transactions. One may select from a number of types of engines and bodies, one may be guided by price. Above is recorded in pictorial form exactly the procedure of a purchase. The decision to try, in this case, a Gypsy Moth from the de Havilland Aircraft Company. Before the trial trip is

# of PRIVATE FLYING

at the de Havilland Aerodrome, Stag Lane

The demonstrator indicates Gypsy engine is cooled by sible for inspection. The g bonnet) is lifted

THE AIR SPEED INDICATOR: This is of a special type invented by the de Havilland Company. It is fitted to a strut and can be readily seen by both pilot and passenger. Its purpose is to show the flying speed of the aeroplane relative to the air and not the ground. *On left:* ADJUSTING THE CAP to which telephones are fitted

COMMUNICATION: Pilot and passenger can converse in the air by means of speaking-tubes. In this way the instructor can tell his pupil exactly what he or she is doing wrong and what should be done to correct mistakes. The ear-phones must be accurately adjusted to ensure clarity. In the bottom left-hand corner is the exhaust-pipe

ouds. The "G" in front of the stroke of its registration egistered in Great Britain

made the main controls—especially the control-column, vulgarly yclept joy-stick—are demonstrated on a model, and the working of the engine is explained. The cap is then adjusted. The ear-pieces must be fitted with precision to ensure clarity of audition. Then the take-off is made. After the trial comes the return to earth and (usually) the completion of the purchase.

Special "Sphere" pictures

THE END OF A SATISFACTORY TRIAL: Thanks to the excellent performance of the Gypsy Moth, the next picture of this series would include a cheque-book, and the one after, the delivery of the machine to its new owner—though not in a "'plane" van!

AIR-MINDED

The Whole World Over

OPENING A NEW AERODROME: Prince George inspecting a new type of 'plane under the guidance of Mr. Handley Page at the new Handley Page Radlett Aerodrome

AN AIR-TRAFFIC POLICEMAN: The latest American flying development at Roosevelt Field

TEACHING "BLIND FLYING"! Pilots are taught on Staaken Field, Berlin, to fly seeing only the instrument-board, neither earth nor water being in view—a necessary preparation in foggy weather

AMY JOHNSON'S ARRIVAL IN SYDNEY: The heroine of the great flight with Mr. Westcott as she alighted from the 'plane "Southern Sun" at Mascot Aerodrome. "Johnny," as Miss Johnson signed many of her despatches, is now en route for England, home and—a thousand banquets

EIGHT MILES UP: Lieut. Apollo Soucek, an ace of the U.S. Navy, in the gear in which he ascended 43,000 ft., breaking the previous record held by Nuenhofen—the German "stunt" flyer

To-day and Daily

HAMPTONS' July SALE

secures to every customer values in House Furnishings which are never equalled elsewhere. *For example:*

Hamptons have long been famous for supreme value in Carpets

Lot 718. HAMPTONS' EXTRA FINE FANCY TURKEY CARPETS.

The carpets offered in this lot comprise a very great variety of sizes and the latest productions both in design and colourings. They are guaranteed to be, in every respect, identical with those sold by Hamptons all the year round, and, as will be seen from the reductions specified, many outstanding values are obtainable. The design illustrated in Sale Catalogue (q.v.) is a typical example of the many on offer. A number of the sizes available are quoted herewith.

Reduced from ft. ins.		ft. ins.	Reduced from £ s. d.	to £ s. d.
8 7	×	5 11	- 11 3 6	9 4 6
8 9	×	7 0	- 13 9 6	11 2 6
9 0	×	5 11	- 11 14 0	9 13 0
9 3	×	6 0	- 12 4 0	10 1 6
9 10	×	6 1	- 13 3 0	10 17 6
10 10	×	9 0	- 21 6 0	17 11 6
11 0	×	7 11	- 19 2 0	15 16 6
11 2	×	9 2	- 22 9 6	18 11 0
11 4	×	8 5	- 20 3 0	16 13 0
11 6	×	9 1	- 22 19 0	18 18 6
11 10	×	7 11	- 20 12 0	17 0 0
11 11	×	9 0	- 23 11 0	19 8 6
12 3	×	9 0	- 24 4 0	20 0 0
12 5	×	10 11	- 29 15 0	24 11 0
12 7	×	9 4	- 25 15 6	21 5 6
12 7	×	10 2	- 28 2 0	23 4 0
12 11	×	10 11	- 30 19 0	25 10 6
13 2	×	9 2	- 26 10 0	21 17 6
13 4	×	10 0	- 29 6 0	24 3 6
13 11	×	9 11	- 30 6 0	25 0 0
14 1	×	10 2	- 31 9 0	25 19 6
14 1	×	11 0	- 34 0 0	28 1 6
14 2	×	9 3	- 28 15 0	23 14 6
14 2	×	12 3	- 38 2 0	31 9 0
14 7	×	11 0	- 35 4 6	29 1 6
14 10	×	10 10	- 35 6 0	29 2 6
15 0	×	12 0	- 39 10 0	32 12 0
15 2	×	11 3	- 37 9 0	30 18 0
15 7	×	10 10	- 37 1 6	30 12 0
16 0	×	11 0	- 38 9 0	31 15 0
16 7	×	11 2	- 40 13 0	33 11 0
16 8	×	13 1	- 47 17 0	39 9 6
17 0	×	10 10	- 40 8 6	33 7 0
17 7	×	12 1	- 46 13 0	38 10 0
17 11	×	12 0	- 47 4 0	38 19 0
18 8	×	12 2	- 49 17 0	41 3 6
19 10	×	12 0	- 55 11 0	45 16 6
20 0	×	11 10	- 51 19 6	42 17 6
20 1	×	13 10	- 61 0 0	50 6 6
20 10	×	12 1	- 55 4 6	45 11 0

A

B

Lot No. 720.

HAMPTONS' SEAMLESS AXMINSTER CARPETS.

Every Carpet in this Lot, without any exception, is guaranteed to be the product of the finest British Manufacturers. The selection embraces a variety of good designs and colours, those illustrated above being typical examples. As shown below, there is a great variety of sizes. The entire stock is being cleared at the following great reductions:—

Reduced from ft. ins.		ft. ins.	Reduced from £ s. d.	to £ s. d.
7 6	×	6 0	- 3 17 6	2 17 6
*†9 0	×	6 0	- 4 13 0	3 9 0
* 9 0	×	7 6	- 5 16 3	4 6 3
* 9 0	×	9 0	- 6 19 6	5 3 6
†10 6	×	6 0	- 5 8 6	4 0 6
10 6	×	7 6	- 6 15 9	5 0 9
*10 6	×	9 0	- 8 2 9	6 0 9
10 6	×	10 6	- 9 10 0	7 1 0
*12 0	×	9 0	- 9 6 0	6 18 0
12 0	×	10 6	- 10 17 0	8 1 0
12 0	×	12 0	- 12 8 0	9 4 0
13 6	×	10 6	- 12 4 3	9 1 3
13 6	×	12 0	- 13 19 0	10 7 0
15 0	×	12 0	- 15 10 0	11 10 0
†15 0	×	13 6	- 17 8 9	12 18 9
16 6	×	12 0	- 17 1 0	12 13 0
†16 6	×	13 6	- 19 3 9	14 4 9

Illustration A is available in all sizes excepting those marked †.

Illustration B is on sale only in the sizes marked with an asterisk.

MANY GOOD QUALITY CRETONNES BEING CLEARED AT LESS THAN HALF PRICE

Hamptons' No. K.4419. **2,500 yards of a good quality Cretonne.** Printed in very rich chintz colours on five different grounds—soft grey, primrose, black, jade and beige. 31 in. **Reduced from, per yard, 3/3 to 1s. 10½d.**

Hamptons' No. K.4471. **1,500 yards of a good quality Cretonne.** A very useful design with the flowers in natural colours. Also on a deep beige ground. 31 in. wide. **Reduced from, per yard, 3/3 to 2s. 3d.**

Hamptons' No. K.4468. **2,000 yards of a heavy quality Linen.** The design adapted from an old Indian embroidery. In antique colours on a natural linen ground. 31 in. wide. **Reduced from, per yard, 4/6 to 2s. 11d.**

Hamptons' No. K.4473. **3,000 yards of good quality Linen.** A very useful design printed in rich colours. Also on three other grounds—gold, brown and beige. *Ideal for Loose Covers.* 31 in. **Reduced from, per yard, 4/6 to 2s. 11½d.**

Hamptons' No. K.4452. **1,800 yards of Cretonne.** A very interesting and useful design in chintz colourings. Printed on four different grounds—cream, jade, primrose and grey. 31 in. **Reduced from, per yard, 2/6 to 1/-**

Hamptons' No. K.4483. **950 yards.** A **heavy quality Linen** with a beautiful, hand-block printed design, adapted from an old Jacobean embroidery. Ideal for old-world furnishings and for hard wear. 50 in. wide. **Reduced from, per yard, 14/6 to 6/6.**

Hamptons' No. K.4469. **2,000 yards of a domestic Cretonne.** Also on a soft jade ground with the design printed in a blue and orange colour scheme. *A rare bargain.* 31 in. **Reduced from, per yard, 1/9½ to 1/-**

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THE LATEST MODE IN LOCOMOTION

The Astonishing Rise in the Realm of Private Flying. A Scene at Heston Aerodrome

Heston A
and fascina
repair many
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are some 50
private mac
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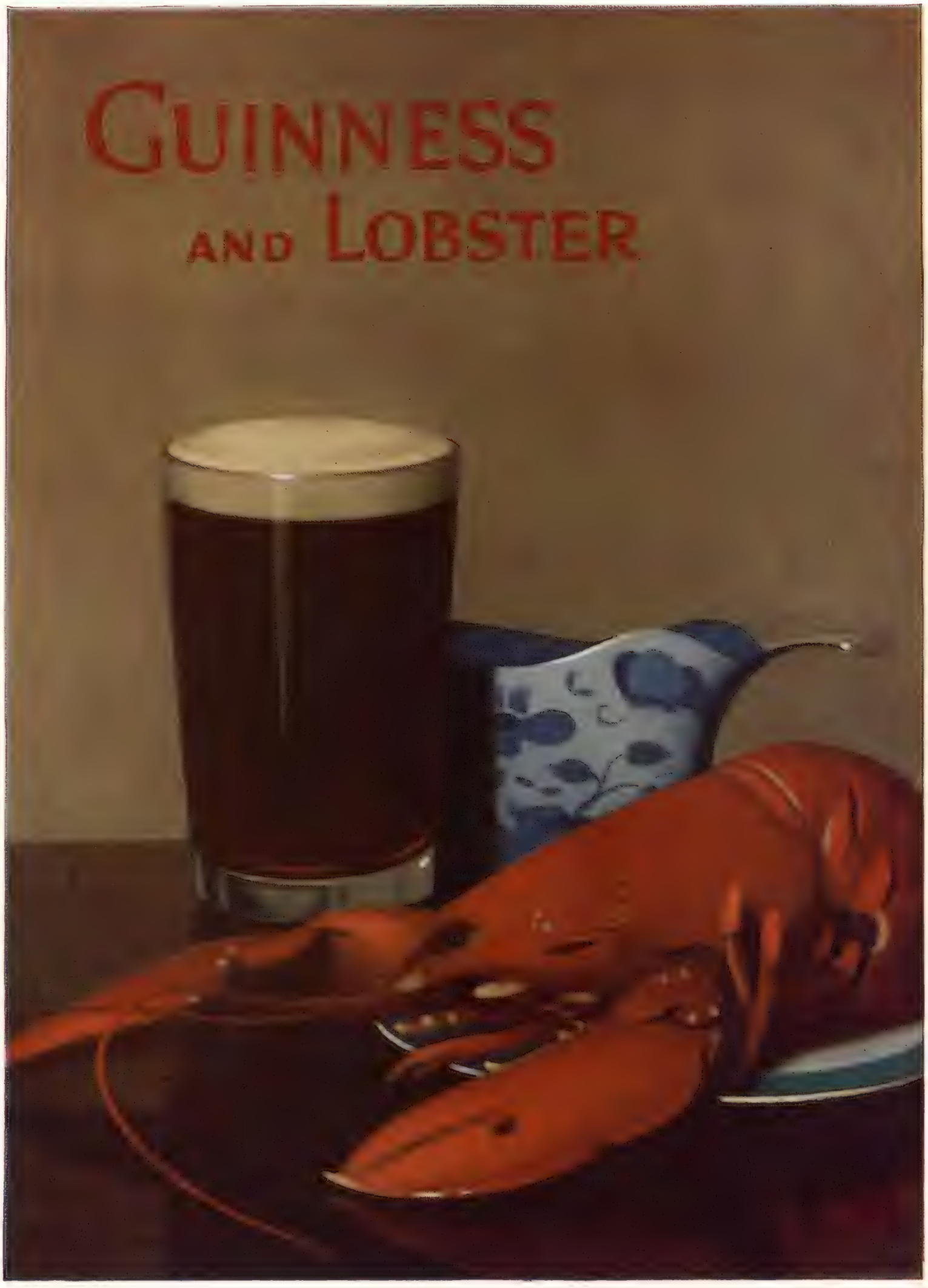
de Havillanc
accounted fo

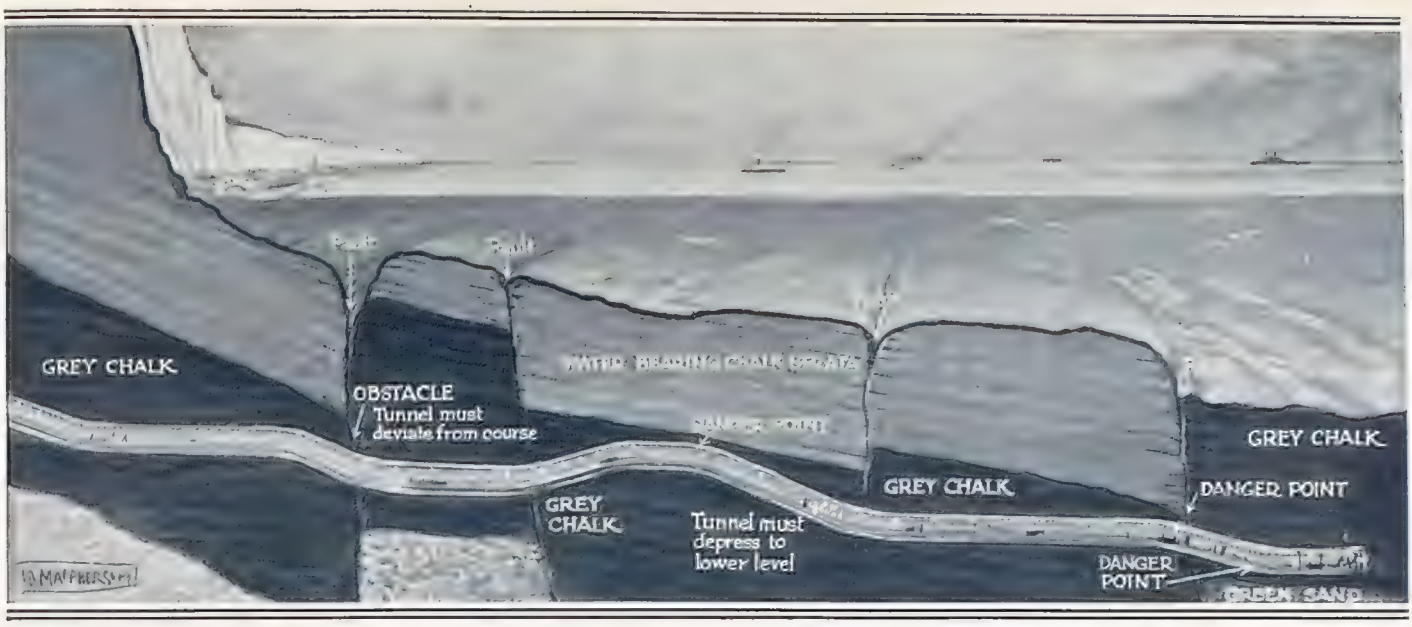
Drawn for "The Sphere" by W. Bryce Hamilton

Park is one of the most progressive g institutions in the world. Thither oneers of civil aviation who keep a najority keep a car—a useful vehicle ends or for even briefer trips. There members, over forty of whom keep a ne. There are always three score anently in residence. While the school is larger much of its size is by the R.A.F. interests; de Havilland is, too, a public company. Heston is a private company and is the largest of its kind in the United Kingdom. From time to time special meetings are held—one was staged recently for the Stock Exchange Flying Club and another for the Junior Car Club. At these gatherings a very attractive programme is presented—stunt flying of all kinds being staged. Either the R.A.F. assistance is invoked or exhibition flights by well-known pilots are given. Heston also maintains a modern and efficient flying school. One feature of this is that all 'planes used therein are fitted with wireless control. Quite a number of "bright young things" are taking lessons; quite a number have already taken their certificates. Lock-up accommodation is even now available for sixty machines and further extensions are in train to provide scope for the "Puss" Moth and the Amphibian Moth—two types of machine achieving great popularity. Heston is certainly doing a great deal to make Britain "air-minded."



"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

G.E. 96. A.



Drawn by D. MACPHERSON from a sketch by F. H. MACKINTOSH

THE PHYSICAL DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL: A diagram showing why thorough investigation by boring is necessary before the enterprise can be inaugurated with any hope of success. There is a grave danger of faulting and inrushes of water

Problems and Possibilities of the CHANNEL TUNNEL

Facts — Not Opinions — are Required, States this Cautious Survey of a Great Project

By F. H. MACKINTOSH

Although the present Labour Government have quashed any Channel Tunnel scheme for the present, this "hardy annual" is bound to arise again for public discussion after a short lapse of time. There is one side to the discussion which is often wholly neglected, both by those who desire the construction of the Tunnel and those who do not—that is, the technical side. It has been taken for granted that the Tunnel can be constructed with no great difficulty if it were once decided to put the work in hand. The author of the article published on this page draws attention to the very grave dangers which beset the whole problem from a technical standpoint. He points out that it is quite possible that faulting of the strata may exist under the waters of the Channel to such an extent as to render the construction of even a pilot tunnel a very hazardous affair, courting irreparable disaster if a serious geological fault were encountered

No engineering project of recent years has aroused deeper interest or keener controversy than that of the Channel Tunnel. Now that the Channel Tunnel Committee has presented its Report, it seems taken for granted that little, if anything, remains to be said. Nothing could be further from the truth. Immense problems, both engineering and geological are still to be solved. The former can safely be left to the tunnelling specialists, but having given the greatest attention to the geology of the Tunnel over a period of years, I feel convinced that even many of those intimately connected with the project fail to realize the dearth of exact and reliable information relating to the geological structure of the Straits of Dover.

One case will serve to show the formidable nature of the difficulties, and to stress the fact that the closest consideration must be paid to every step.

The Channel Tunnel Committee gives its official blessing to the proposal to construct a trial heading from shore to shore along the projected route. Such a pilot heading consists, of course, of a small tunnel driven for the purpose of determining the nature of the strata.

There are two main objections to this pilot tunnel; and they are far from being of merely technical interest, for they concern the lives of the men employed, and indeed the future of the Channel Tunnel project itself.

In spite of the optimism expressed, there are very good grounds for the belief that, if the proposed route be followed, the pilot tunnel may encounter fissures in the strata. Each fissure is a point of danger, for it is at these points that water can enter. If one of these were to be struck, the irruption of water under great pressure would be so vast as to be beyond the capabilities of any pump to remove. And such a disaster might even occur if a borehole in advance of the tunnel head were employed.

The catastrophe in these circumstances would be ghastly. There would not be the slightest shadow of hope for the men working at the tunnel face; and in the eyes of the public—who must, in the last resort, find the money for the scheme—the whole idea would be irretrievably damned.

Assuming, however, that the pilot tunnel were successfully constructed, the main tunnel would have to follow its route exactly. And, as the trial heading would be forced to twist and turn with every undulation in the strata and to avoid obstacles indicated by the advance borehole, and would often be forced to climb and descend gradients varying from gentle slopes to comparatively steep inclines, the final Channel Tunnel might have a most irregular plan and contour. Indeed, it might even happen that the route would be so circuitous and the grades so steep in places that to work a railway would be uneconomical.

How, then, can these difficulties be overcome? I suggest, only by means of an exhaustive preliminary geological survey into the actual structure of the Straits of Dover by means of vertical boreholes—and there is no sound objection, either technical or financial, to this course. In no other country in the world would a tunnel project of even a few miles in length be attacked without careful boring and thorough-going geological investigation. Why, then, should the Channel Tunnel be driven without such preliminary precautions?

As the result of prolonged research, I have come to the conclusion that no more definite pronouncement is scientifically possible than this:

That the strata extend from shore to shore. Whether they are fractured and folded, and to what extent and in what direction, no one can say with certainty.

What we know of the bed of the Straits is founded on the results of some thousands of soundings, each of which penetrated but a few inches into the sea-bed, and brought up, at most, only a few ounces of material. From such data it is impossible to determine, with scientific accuracy, the nature of the strata.

In a few rare instances, if fossils were brought up, it might be; but generally the probabilities are all against it. Moreover, there is nothing to demonstrate that the samples are from the actual bed, and are not merely debris deposited, at some point distant from the outcrop, by tides and currents.

This much can be gleaned from these soundings however—there is distinct evidence of at least one dislocation or distortion of the strata of the first magnitude. And that one fact should press home the need for caution and for further elaborate survey.

In order to obtain such data as I possess, I have been forced to investigate the reason for the existence not only of the Straits of Dover, but of the British Isles themselves; and this has brought to light some striking facts which only widespread research could possibly reveal.

It may seem a far cry from the Himalayas to the cliffs of Kent, yet these islands have been formed as part of a great mountain-building movement, and are directly related to the Himalayas and the Alps. They are, in fact, a link in the zone of mountain folding of the Northern Hemisphere; this can be traced through the British Isles along a submarine ridge upon which are situated the Faroës and Iceland, across Greenland, and beyond. The Straits of Dover lie on the very axis of this zone—a most important fact which appears to have been ignored.

In the long-distant past, where are now the Straits of Dover and a large part of the Channel, was a broad tract of land connecting Great Britain with the Continent. This land formed a watershed, on one side of which ran a river flowing towards the North Sea; on the other, one which flowed Atlanticwards.

These rivers gradually cut their way down to sea-level, an estuary was formed, and finally the sea burst through the remains of the isthmus to make Britain an island. There followed a period of elevation; the rivers again flowed along approximately their old courses. Then, once more, the land subsided beneath the waves. The beds of these rivers are still preserved on the bottom of the Straits; but the point of importance here is that this line of unrest cuts right into the proposed route of the Tunnel.

Unrest implies fissures, fissures mean water, and water spells danger. The unwisdom of the present plans can, therefore, be readily grasped.

There are many indications that the thickness of the strata is not uniform throughout the Straits. Faults or fissures can be traced for miles on either side of the Channel. It is safe to assume, therefore, that these faults extend beneath the Straits themselves.

Nor is positive evidence lacking. When the Prince of Wales's Pier at Dover was built great trouble was experienced in driving the piles, since some found solid rock readily, but others subsided into what was apparently a fissure filled with mud. In one place a pile slipped down 30 ft., and a further 80 ft. of bore-rods failed to find solid rock at this point. Similar difficulties were experienced when the western arm of Dover Harbour was constructed.

Both these points lie on the same line, which if extended seaward cuts into the projected route of the Channel Tunnel. It is a significant fact. Yet this fault line, which is that of the Dover Valley, is only one of a dozen which the Tunnel may possibly encounter.

These are but a few of the facts relating to the Channel Tunnel. There is, for example, the necessity for determining the thickness and dip of the strata, so that the tunnel can be driven in waterless ground. Compressed air, which is normally used when cutting in water-bearing ground, could not be employed in driving the Channel Tunnel. The depth of the Channel at its deepest point is 200 ft., to withstand which air at 80 lb. per sq. in. would have to be used—a pressure no man could endure.

I am a firm supporter of the Tunnel. I believe in it wholeheartedly. My investigations have convinced me that not only can a practical route be planned, but all difficulties overcome. But although there is data to suggest where the route shall lie, it cannot be confirmed till borings have been made, and I hold that only such borings along the selected route and to a wide distance each side of it will supply the information on which alone it will be possible to proceed with safety and economy.

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

By HENRY SHEREK

Never have theatrical managers wandered about with such white and drawn faces as they are doing in the glorious summer of this year of grace. Shrieks of horror are emitted by young theatrical correspondents because some West End theatres are closing down during the summer. England was enjoying great prosperity during the years before the War and is now having its taste of lean years, which I sincerely hope will not be seven. Yet during the happy period a large percentage of theatres closed their doors without the death-knell of the theatre being gravely sounded.

In spite of occasional Wall Street *débâcles*, the average citizen of the United States has much more money to spend on amusements than his English cousin, and yet in Central New York there are always less than half the number of theatres open in the summer than during the winter months.

The fact that it is so much hotter on the other side of the Atlantic cannot be made responsible for this, as it is so much cooler in New York theatres than being on the sun-baked pavements, which blister your feet right through your shoes. In fact the picture theatres are cooled so much that one is in constant danger of catching pneumonia, yet (or because of this) very few cinemas do big business during the hot season, in spite of their offering their patrons huge stage shows on top of the usual talking pictures.

The New Yorker also finds it so much more difficult to get out into the country, as he has to drive in a long procession for what seems like two years before he sees his first blade of grass, which the sun has burned to a nice dirty brown.

All these are incentives for the Americans to worship at the Altar of Thespis during the summer, and yet the majority of New York theatres have to close, without the end of the theatre being predicted.

The theatre has had to survive much worse periods than it is going through now. It has twice been stopped altogether—once during the Cromwell *régime* and the other time during the reign of our old friend Queen Anne, about whose reported demise there is so much talk; and yet it continued to confound the pessimists and insisted on carrying on.

Crocodile tears are shed because it is reported that this or that theatre is attracting very small audiences at *matinées*. It does not seem to be generally known that until the early 'eighties *matinées* were unheard of, and were then only introduced when a show was an enormous success and packing the theatre in the evenings. They were even then not given regularly, but only on odd days.

Scaremongers are making great capital out of the bad business in some of the provincial cities. How do they expect the hard-headed Northerners to pay more than cinema prices to sit in an uncomfortable theatre and see an indifferent touring company in a worse play, which is announced as having been a big success in the West End, when in most instances it ran for a fortnight or less in London? Through this, when a real success does come to the town, the people do not believe it, and stay away.

Pecunia non olet, and the ten shillings from the pocket of a hard-working provincial business man is just as good as the like amount from a Londoner. Sir Herbert Tree used to tour the provinces with a repertoire of six or seven plays, and give his audiences a different play *every night*, with exactly the same cast and production as had been seen at His Majesty's Theatre, London.

Gracie Fields appeared at the Empire Theatre, Liverpool, two weeks ago, and literally packed that huge edifice—and this during the hottest spell of the most disastrous season show-business has known.

The general standard of acting is higher to-day than it used to be, but we lack the electric personalities of the late Victorian and Edwardian days. To counterbalance this we need better plays, and in some cases we have got them.

Such a one is the revival of *Jealousy* at the Little Theatre, and it is amazing how much good honest drama its only two characters can instil into this excellent play.

It does not seem possible that only two people can be on the stage the entire evening without the audience getting to hate the sight of them, and it is a great compliment to the histrionic abilities of Mary Newcomb and John Wyse that the play could have lasted another hour and still kept the audience enthralled.

The opening scene shows a young couple who had lived together (the play is taken from the French) coming to their home after getting married. The wife has to continue a liaison with an elderly and rich admirer as she needs the money. She tells her husband that he is her guardian, but she is a most unconvincing liar and his suspicions are aroused.

Spurred on by furious jealousy, he discovers the truth and strangles his rival. Everything seems perfectly satisfactory to all concerned (excepting to the murdered man), as no suspicion falls upon him.

They hear, however, on the telephone—which is a great saver of actors' wages, as it plays the parts of four different characters during the play—that another man is accused of the crime and looks like getting convicted, which would mean a short dalliance with Madame la Guillotine. The husband quite rightly confesses his guilt, only to find a moment later that it was unnecessary, as the other man has established an alibi.

He goes off to throw himself into the arms of the Sûreté Générâle, but the audience need not have worried very much as *crimes passionnelles* are regarded with acclamation in France, and he probably gets the Legion d'Honneur.

A tense evening, giving one the concentrated essence of all there is in a theatre to give excepting laughter, a show that should not be missed, and a great actress whom every young aspirant to the stage should see and study.

A visit to the Victoria Palace to see the revival of *Follow Through* confirms my view that this operette is just as good as regards score, libretto, and comedy as any we have seen during the last few years, and that if it had been originally produced in the West End at a theatre smaller than the Dominion it would have been a big success.

The company now on view does not contain any of the great discoveries with which touring shows bristle (or so we are informed by occasional emissaries of a daily newspaper), but Betty Davies and Lucy Loupe should develop into such if they work hard at their jobs.

Very few plays of the late nineteenth century appear anything but absurd in these days of emancipation of thought, but Oscar Wilde's comedy masterpiece, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, which is being given at the Lyric, Hammersmith, hardly seems dated at all.

HOT WEATHER SHOWS

You Should See

"ON THE SPOT" *Because* it will make your blood run cold

"THE LOVE RACE" *Because* you will feel greatly relieved that you do not have to rush about like the poor sweltering actors

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE" *Because* part of the action takes place in South America, and it is very much hotter there

"THE SWAN" ... *Because* of Edna Best's *sang-froid*

BISHOP'S MATE AND PAWN TO PLAY: The game of chess between Mr. Arthur Wontner (Richelieu) and D'Artagnan's servant in The Three Musketeers

The brilliant dialogue could, with very few alterations, have been written yesterday, but as the whole play is a satire on the snobbery of the period it seems a shame that Sir Nigel Playfair made the players further satirize the mannerisms of the actors of that same epoch. A satire of a satire tends towards the ridiculous, and Wilde's sarcasm is too delicately brilliant for such treatment.

The idea of presenting the entire show in a colour scheme of black, grey, and white is very pretty for about an hour, but then tends to get on one's nerves.

The characters are deliciously drawn, and it would be easy to find their counterparts to-day, excepting that the modern young man is, thank goodness, not quite so full of epigrams of the nature of "*in married life three is company and two is none*," and others in the same vein.

The company were, without exception, excellent, although I do wish that that splendid young actor, John Gielgud, had toned down his John Worthing a little. The character is amusing enough without all the absurd posturing in which Mr. Gielgud indulged.

In spite of the heat, the theatre was packed and the prolonged laughter held up the action of the play on frequent occasions. I hope that Sir Nigel will have the courage to keep the play on through the holiday season, as it should, on merit, catch on and have a long run. The prices of admission are not high, the fare to Hammersmith is moderate, and I guarantee a most amusing evening. In other words, I enjoyed it immensely.

Apropos of revivals, it is interesting to note the big success that fine old musical comedy, *The Belle of New York*, has just made in Australia. That distant Dominion has been having a very bad time theatrically. All the latest American musical-comedy successes were produced, but folded up their tents within a few weeks.

Almost in despair, the J. C. Williamson firm put on *The Belle of New York* as a stop-gap, and it has just finished after running for six months in Sydney and Melbourne. The tide seems to have turned at last *down under*, as I have just received a cable telling me of the triumphant opening of *Mr. Cinders* at Sydney, and of the big success made by a young English comedian named Hindle Edgar, who had to travel 12,000 miles to receive recognition.

D'ARTAGNAN AND THE THREE MUSKETEERS: A stirring drinking scene in which Messrs. Jack Livesey, Raymond Newell, Dennis King, and Robert Woollard figure in the hardy success at Drury Lane

THE PRINCESS and THE TUTOR: A Love Romance at the St. James's

THE COURTLY SETTING FOR THE LOVE SCENE AT THE ST. JAMES'S: Mr. Colin Clive as the tutor has made an unfortunate reference to Napoleon, a bête noir to the princess's family. To cover the awkwardness of the situation, the company all sip their cold consommé. The young professor continues to speak of astro-physics

"YOU ARE VERY KIND, PRINCESS": Miss Edna Best invites the tutor, Mr. Colin Clive, to a private royal supper party—a dangerous condescension

"YOU TWO DEAR YOUNG THINGS": Mr. C. V. France informs Mr. Colin Clive and Miss Edna Best—the tutor and the princess—that the affaire must end with the one kiss already given and taken. The playing of the "kiss" scene, shown on the right, has been criticised as too intense—the casting, say the critics, should have been different. We advise our readers to judge for themselves of the interpretation given by these two young and brilliant actors of a situation and of its inevitable consequences

"THE SWAN," the brilliant Molnar comedy at the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

FACT OR FICTION? Miss Edna Best kisses Mr. Colin Clive in the presence of Mr. Herbert Marshall—the climax of the Second Act and of the play—a beautifully-acted moment

"COME ON IN, THE WATER'S FINE": A group of enthusiasts preparing to dive. The large picture above shows a singularly graceful pose at the Hornsey Open Air Baths

MODERN NAIADS

SURF-RIDING IN FRESH WATER: The warm weather has given a great stimulus of late to all aquatic sports, and surf-riding behind a speed-boat is one manifestation thereof. This picture was taken at the Welsh Harp—a resort of sun-bathers and a home of battle

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"
INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S CLUBS

There are Possibilities in Modernity for the London Clubwoman; the Newer Clubs (as well as the Older ones in their New Habitations) are Well Worth Exploring

By JOAN WOOLLCOMBE

A POPULAR MODERN CLUB: The Hanworth Air Club, which combines the amenities of an aerodrome with those of a good country club

THE STRONG HOLD OF CONSERVATISM: The Ladies' Carlton Club, whose traditionalism does not extend, however, to the building

ITALY AND AMERICA IN LONDON: The Italian garden of the American Woman's Club

On left — A PURELY FEMININE INSTITUTION: The drawing-room of the Forum Club, founded, organized, and run entirely by women

On right — A LUXURIOUS BALL-ROOM: The great apartment in the American Woman's Club

Luxurious flats, efficient hotels, and now, at last, efficient and luxurious women's clubs.

Take only three of the newer clubs as indicative of the general march of progress—the Ladies' Carlton, the Forum, the Women's Automobile and Sports Association, and the new Bruton in Berkeley Square.

The Ladies' Carlton is the stronghold of Conservatism; but if it be judged by its building, Conservatism of a most up-to-date and progressive type. It is the club *par excellence* of the socially-minded woman who wants to entertain well and appreciates the possibilities of keeping fit and who, more subtly perhaps, also appreciates a good architectural setting to her club life.

The stroke of genius has been the inclusion in the plans of two crying needs—a members' garage and a swimming-bath.

The Forum Club is a formidable challenge to those who hold the view that women are the weaker and less capable sex, for it was organized and is now run entirely by women, and the rapidity of its development and its imposing membership speak eloquently of its success. Since the foundation, shortly after the War, the Forum has been carried on under the distinguished presidency of Princess Louise, who has always taken a very keen and active interest in the club. Two houses in Grosvenor Place have been converted into spacious club premises with adequate bedroom accommodation, and members entertain their friends in a particularly attractive panelled dining-room and a large, restful reception-room. The social and intellectual activities of the club are wide, and separate groups are formed for the various subjects of interest, each group working under its own committee. One of the latest additions is a flying section formed under the presidency of Lady Abe Bailey with the Hon. Mrs. Forbes-Sempill as chairman, and a committee which includes Mrs. Alan Butler, Miss Sicele O'Brien, and other women distinguished in the flying world.

Another feminine phenomenon of a different type is the appearance of the Women's Automobile and Sports Association. This feminine club has its head-quarters in Westminster which places at its disposal all the amenities of a very large hotel, and is, I think, the only club of its kind within the British Empire.

The list of fixtures is impressive and should appeal to actively and mechanically-minded young women! Essentially an organization "sportif" it numbers Lady Bailey, Mrs. Victor Bruce, and Miss Betty Nuthall among its long and imposing list of members and on its Grand Council.

Another emerging interest in clubland is the new Bruton Club; again an impressive list of sponsors, including John Drinkwater, Gordon Selfridge, and Commander Carlyon Bellairs and Miss Marie Lohr!

This, of course, is a "cock-and-hen" club, and has as one of its objects (as well as providing members with the social amenities of a modern clubhouse), the furthering of the cause of the arts, drama, and entertainment; for this purpose, to the now essential equipment of a swimming-bath and showers there is to be added one of the best equipped private theatres in London.

Among those clubs already in existence and catering for women in the modern manner there is, of course, the famous American Woman's Club, which should need little introduction to London women—their Club magazine is unusually good and above the usual type affected by many women's clubs!

There is also the Hanworth Air Club, the "Air-Ranelagh" of the future, which caters equally for women and for men, and has in addition to the modernist facilities for learning to fly and for flying, *an air-taxi rank always ready.*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN (cont.)

OLIVER GOLDSMITH
"who wrote like an angel"

THE BLACK ART

MR. THOMAS LORD: The creator of Lord's

By MARGERY MAITLAND DAVIDSON

The silhouette or shadow-picture has a very special charm of its own. There is no colour, no facial expression—just the outline to express character and movement. And it was this fact that caused its popularity at at the end of the eighteenth century. People were becoming tired of the so often sweetly-flattering and untrue likenesses that the miniaturists produced; they called for something more life-like, more sincere.

The art of silhouette-cutting originated in the East, actually in medieval Persia, and records show that there were cutters in Constantinople in the sixteenth century; but it was not practised in this country until the reign of William and Mary, when a woman artist cut out the profile of the royal pair. After that the silhouette seems to have become fashionable. It was naturally cheaper to produce than the miniature and could be presented to friends in numbers.

But it was from France that the name "silhouette" came. Etienne de Silhouette, a protégé of Madame Pompadour, had a liking for these shadow-pictures, as they were then called, cutting them himself and collecting them as well. Suddenly he fell from favour and, more in derision than anything else, all sorts of knick-knacks and trifles as well as shadow-pictures were called after him.

LORD BYRON: A brilliant silhouette of the great cynical, satirical, militant romantic in characteristic pose during his sojourn in Italy

KEATS'S LOVE: Fanny Brawne, the inspiration of much deathless verse

So the name "silhouette" stuck, and the cutting of them became the rage, especially among amateurs. Yet, although the vogue for the art started in England and it received its name in France, it was in Germany that it was taken really seriously and patronized by such famous people as Schopenhauer's sister and by Goethe, who spent much time practising the fascinating new hobby. In 1772 the first portrait of Schiller was cut. In that country it was not merely a pastime for the idle; serious artists took it up. Christine Dullenhofe, for instance, used it with great effect and managed to convey more than a passable likeness. With a few snips of the scissors she was able to give a touch of character, satire, or beauty to a subject. But that was after the art had developed somewhat.

At first the cutters were content with cutting out profiles in solid black, but later whole figures and even family groups were attempted, with minute details of dress, furniture, and surroundings carefully shown. Later, hair and jewellery were touched up with Chinese white, and backgrounds were varied in colour. Sometimes gold was even used. Often the silhouette itself was cut in white and imposed on a dark ground. Mrs. Leigh Hunt cut one of these inverted silhouettes of Byron not many years before his death.

Once it had definitely caught on, the silhouette appeared in all sorts of guises. It was painted on fans, banners, books, china, enamel, furniture, engraved on metal, even cut in glass, and appeared on medallions and other jewellery. At Worcester, china was made with the profile of the king stamped on it. Sèvres produced pieces with the portrait of Mirabeau imprinted. Frederick Wilhelm II was so taken with the new form of art that he had a coffee service made, every piece of which bore the portrait of a different member of the royal family.

The popularity of the silhouette coincided with the fashion for classical antiques. At the time vases were being excavated in large numbers in Italy, and it was pointed out that the black figures on them could be copied in silhouette form.

Moritz von Schwind used the art as a means for decorating rooms. He seems to have been successful in giving the figures life and grace by using red wash. Sometimes, strangely, he employed coloured wrapping-paper as a medium.

Kennedy, the well-known painter and engraver, improved on a primitive existing machine for cutting silhouette portraits, and M. Tussaud (son of the famous Madame Tussaud) invented an entirely new one, while Beetham discovered a means whereby they could be reduced to any desired size. So instead of entering on the great adventure of "having our photographs taken" as we do these days, one entered the still more exciting studio of the silhouette artist in order to "be cut."

Some of the most charming examples of the art are those that are not merely portraits, but just groups of figures. For instance, I possess some full of detail and movement, representing children swinging, dogs barking at them, a milkmaid and her swain meeting in rural surroundings, a hay wain in the offing. These black figures, imprinted on the glass itself, are a miracle of light detail. There is something so attractive, too, in their frank black and white austerity, which appeals to the old-fashioned as well as to the frankly modern.

THE SHAKESPEARE OF GERMANY: Goethe with Fritz von Stein

A QUEEN ANNE DINING-ROOM: Walnut-panelled walls form a pleasing background for Queen Anne furniture. The chairs are covered in old red velvet, and the curtains are of brocade, which harmonize well with the Oriental carpet. Above the marble fire-place is a sun-ray clock finished, like the electrical fittings, with antique English gold. From Harrods of Knightsbridge

A glimpse of the staircase. Here lines and curves speak for themselves. The walls are cream; blues, greys, and stone are the colours in carpet and curtains

The WORLD of WOMEN — (continued)

Dinner for six on a sliding table—and steel chairs with cowhide seats. One would almost expect to vanish into the chimney, too—knowing that the table does so at times

STYLE MODERNE AT ITS BEST

The enchanting home of Mr. and Mrs. Chermayeff, designed by the former, the Director of Modern Art, Waring & Gillow, Oxford Street

Artistry in the form of a cocktail cabinet and bookcase combined. There are many points in its favour: one—beautiful proportions; two—perfect workmanship

Above on right—A carefully concealed radiator, with a mirror at the end. Here, anyway, one sees the value of space to good advantage. Impressions go far in decorations

On right—Looking down from the staircase in the home of the designer, Mr. Chermayeff, Director of Modern Art, Waring and Gillow

A night-dress and jacket of crêpe de chine, designed by the Grande Maison de Blanc of Bond Street

In the warm summer days we all try to keep our homes as cool as possible. And one of the chief qualities of linen is its exquisite coolness. On sweltering hot summer nights there is nothing more cool and refreshing than fine linen sheets—a fact that has been immortalized by Rupert Brooke in his poem, "The Great Lover," where he mentions the cool softness of linen as one of the things he loves best in life.

Some beautiful examples of household linen are to be seen at Walpoles' of Bond Street. The handkerchiefs are also supplied by this firm

THE WORLD OF WOMEN (cont.)

LINEN for the SUMMER

The modern housewife is lucky in that she has a bewildering variety of linens to choose from for her bedroom and bathroom furnishings. First of all, there are coloured sheets and pillow-cases for the bed, which are made in sky-blue, pink, mauve, and peach colour. I am always surprised that women do not use coloured sheets more than they do, for nothing could be more attractive and more becoming. In a bedroom decorated in light-blue or apricot-pink what could be more becoming to its occupant than peach-coloured sheets? Coloured sheets are no more expensive than ordinary white sheets, and undoubtedly peach or pink are more becoming to a woman's complexion than dead white. However, for those who prefer the ordinary fine white linen sheets, they can now buy linen sheets simply decorated with Venise and Richelieu embroidery, which look very well. Finally, there are the sheets finished off with the simple yet dignified hemstitch, a design that is ever popular, and deservedly so.

During the present month the large linen manufacturers and shops are having their annual summer sales, and these present an unrivalled opportunity to those who wish to furnish or re-furnish their homes with household linen. For the bathroom there are an infinite variety of coloured and damask linen face-towels, made in very attractive colours and designs. And one well-known firm is offering exquisitely soft pure linen handkerchiefs, with your initial embroidered in the corner, at the ridiculously low price of 4s. 11d. per half-dozen.

We are apt to forget that, apart from household uses, linen is an admirable material for lingerie and summer dresses. A famous French firm have designed some delicately lovely lingerie in fine coloured and natural lawn that is ideally cool for summer wear, for lawn is far cooler than silk or crêpe de chine and has the advantage of being less expensive. This same firm have also designed some unusually attractive lady's dressing-gowns in soft, differently-coloured linen, with inset and appliqué designs that are both cool and elegant for summer wear and would also do admirably for the beach.

A dressing-gown of satin broché, trimmed with swansdown, and satin pyjamas, come from the Grande Maison de Blanc of Bond Street

For My Lady's Toilet

A complete toilet ensemble, scented with honeysuckle, is an attractive suggestion for the chic woman. The perfume is delicate and illusive, and the set includes a very fine face powder, toilet powder, soap, setting and hair lotion, and of course the perfume itself. From Floris of Jermyn Street

THE SUN IS LIFE

The Sun is life. It is an old, old truth. In the Dark and Middle Ages the power of sunshine as a natural means of health and healing may have been neglected, but to-day the advance of Science has brought us full round to the glowing realities of another Sun Age. It is visible in the improved health of nations, in the bronzed bodies, active minds and the daring and enterprise of modern youth. They are children of the Sun Age.

The certainty of sunlight—temperate, healthy sunlight—is one of the stimulating joys of a visit to South Africa. The glorious sea voyage, the abundance of fresh air, the rest and the complete change—all these factors provide a holiday that is one long sunbath of recuperation.

Tours to South Africa can be arranged with practical facilities and every convenience on application to the Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2, or the leading Tourist Agencies.

Descriptive booklet "Holiday Tours in South Africa" post free on request.

PRIVATE FLYING Section of "The Sphere"

VISITING by AIR

By ALAN MUNTZ,

Managing-Director of Air Work at Heston Air Park

Getting familiar with the controls of your own machine. The circular dial on the left indicates the height you have reached

Visiting aircraft, all privately owned, drawn up at the side of the private landing-ground at Ecchinswell House, near Newbury

Mankind has always been fascinated by the idea of flying. For ages the air proved wild and untameable. Now at long last this other element has been mastered, and man can now reach the cloud world of his dreams or use the air merely as his means of transport. But as yet very few appreciate the immense value of their new servant. At best the majority will only admit that an aeroplane is in the same category as a pair of skis.

This impression is possibly the outcome of flying meetings, where aircraft of all types indulge in every conceivable antic. An embryo aviator will come away thinking that all aircraft are as noisy and uncomfortable as the machines used on these occasions by stunt pilots. Certainly he will never guess that a large number of private owners —there are about 300 to-day, and seventy-five new machines have been registered since April 1 this year—use their machines regularly for visiting country houses, golf courses, the seaside, and the Continent, and that to them flying is not a "stunt" or a hazardous feat. He can have no idea of the fascination of circling down at the end of a cross-country journey and landing in his friend's field close to the house at which he is going to stay. These journeys always involve new problems and new discoveries of cloud and weather conditions, of route finding and of landings.

No one who has had experience of flying in Great Britain will try to make out that an aeroplane is as reliable a means of transport as the car or train. Weather conditions in England make that impossible. And yet it is seldom that weather holds up a private owner for more than an hour or so, and in compensation the aeroplane allows a very much wider range where time is limited, and does away with the irritating requirements of Bradshaw. Probably everyone has some time or other had to lose a train in order to complete a negotiation or discussion, and then had to wait two or three hours for the next train.

Fog holds up all transport, and is perhaps the worst enemy, but fortunately it occurs comparatively seldom. Low clouds is the particular enemy of the aeroplane. Landing-grounds may be above the cloud level, or the way may be blocked by intervening hill ranges. At present wireless weather reporting has not been drawn into the service of private aviation, but it is essential and it is already on the way. Already a light aeroplane with a fixed aerial can hear Heston Air Park speaking one hundred miles away, and that from only a half-kilowatt transmitter.

The aeroplane does not replace the car for short journeys, i.e., shopping, station, and town work generally, but it has many advantages over the car for long journeys. To-day the average speed of cars is being kept down by the increasing traffic on the road, while the average speed of aircraft is increasing with the advance in design. Also the aeroplane always has a shorter distance to travel because it can take a straight course. As a result, the modern private aeroplane already goes at least three times as far in the same time as a fast car, and moreover, is free from such anxieties as dogs, cycles, police traps, cross roads, skiddy roads, etc. Very soon it will cover four or five times the distance.

Looking through my Log Book, I have picked out two days typical of private flying as it goes on to-day.

(A) 28 5/30. Heston—Bristol—East Knoyle—Andover —Twyford—Heston.
Actual flying time—2 hrs. 15 mins.

On this particular occasion business made it impossible to leave Heston Air Park till 12.35 p.m. However, a following east wind plus a cruising speed of 100 m.p.h., enabled me to reach the new Bristol air port forty-seven minutes later. After carrying out certain business in Bristol, I and a friend in our respective machines set out for his home in the hills near East Knoyle, Shaftesbury. The photograph shows his shed and wind-stocking and my specially stream-lined Gipsy Moth, *G–EBQH*. It is, incidentally, an ideal private landing-ground. We left Bristol at 5.30 p.m., and were having tea in his house at 6 p.m.

Later we decided to have supper with a friend in the Air Force stationed at Andover (fifteen minutes away by air). After supper my friend returned to East Knoyle, and I, leaving Andover at 8.30 p.m., dropped in on my brother at Twyford, near Reading, landing in his thirty-acre field about 9 p.m. Taking the air again as dusk set in, I arrived at Heston quite fresh about 10 p.m. Incidentally, it is marvellously good fun speeding back by air as the lights of London begin to peep out, the Bath Road and the Great West Road a chain of fire beneath one.

The day's journeying involved 207 miles as the crow flies against 237 miles by road—impossible by train, and a fast car would have been on the road for over seven hours.

(B) 17 5 30. Heston—Château d'Ardenne.
Actual flying time—2 hrs. 30 mins.

The wind was three-quarters astern; the course 128 deg. on the compass. Curiously the pencil-line joining Heston Air Park to the Château d'Ardenne on the map passes over Lympne, Cape Gris Nez, and the Lille corridor through which all aircraft must pass when going from Belgium into France and vice versa.

It was a marvellous sunny day, so we climbed gradually at 85 m.p.h. between Heston and Lympne, passed over the Channel at 6,000 ft. and gradually descended at 110 m.p.h. between Gris Nez and Lille, where the wind became less helpful.

The atmosphere was thickish over the industrial towns of Lille, Tournai, Mons, and Charleroi, and visibility was reduced to two miles. The last part over the rolling country which slopes up to the Ardennes proper was, however, sunny and clear again. Then appeared the deep valley through which runs the Meuse. Dinant appeared below on the left, and following the narrower gorge of the Lesse, we suddenly saw the Château d'Ardenne itself in front, apparently in the middle of a forest. However, the new landing-ground provides ample room for the safe descent of light aeroplanes so long as due allowance is made for the air-waves rolling over the woods and deep valleys all round.

Two-and-a-half hours in the air. Lunch 250 miles away from London in one of the most secluded and attractive places in the world. How else would anyone travel? No scrambling in and out of trains and ships and no hold up at the Customs.

The attached photographs show private landing-grounds at Ecchinswell, near Newbury; Marsden, near Cirencester; East Knoyle and Lymington, on the Solent.

Every private aeroplane is equipped with three screw pickets for tying down each wing-tip and the tail. But a shed, which need be only a little larger than the normal car garage, i.e. 28 ft. long by 13 ft. wide by 9 ft. high, saves a lot of time otherwise spent in making the aeroplane safe and weather-proof for the night. In addition, the owner will sleep much more comfortably while a gale is raging outside if he knows that his machine is inside a shed which is securely anchored to the ground. The shed also removes the other very common cause of damage, viz., cattle, which love the taste of doped fabric.

Flying over the country one can see innumerable country houses with parks or fields right on their doorsteps, which are perfectly suitable as landing-grounds; yet how many of their owners have ever thought of trying a trip down from London by air just to realize the possibilities of this mode of travel? Private flying will receive an immense stimulus once country houses begin to establish landing-grounds. In this connection it is worth while considering the very great number of country houses separated by only 100 miles of road. Probably their owners only meet once or twice a year because a three-hour journey by car or a cross-country tiresome train journey is involved. On these occasions the aeroplane can usually go more or less from door to door, and the actual time spent on the journey is very little more than the actual flying time, which will certainly average less than sixty minutes.

Photography from the air opens up a new and fascinating field for the amateur photographer. Aerial views almost always provide new discoveries and give far and away the best pictures of an estate or of some special feature

(*Continued on p.* 144)

The author's private landing-ground seen from the air. Visiting aircraft are sheltering in the tree-shaded nook near the house on middle right

Pushing the tail of a Blackburn Bluebird round before making a start

KING'S CUP AIR RACE

& the SIDDELEY TROPHY

again won on

1st Miss W. S. BROWN (AVRO AVIAN CIRRUS III)
and the SIDDELEY TROPHY

2nd Mr. A. S. BUTLER (D.H. MOTH GIPSY II)

3rd Flight-Lt. WAGHORN (BLACKBURN BLUEBIRD GIPSY I)

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VISITING by AIR

By ALAN MUNTZ

(Continued from page 142)

thereof, such as a trout-stream. Everyone has photographs of their house and garden, but very few know how attractive these look from above, and what curious discoveries these photographs reveal. The farmer can see from the air at a glance where his cattle are, but more interesting to him will be the amazing way in which rich and poor land show up in such photographs.

I have endeavoured to show that quite ordinary everyday people are already flying regularly without any fuss. Flying is within the reach of everyone who can afford a car costing from £500 to £1,000. The running costs are practically the same. The normal light aeroplane, holding two or three passengers, averages eighteen to twenty miles per gallon. Insurance costs about £50 per annum, but there is no tyre wear, and light aeroplane engines average 450 hours between complete engine overhauls, i.e. 35,000 to 40,000 miles. And they have no clutches, no transmissions, no gearboxes. Lock-up garages at most aerodromes can be hired at a charge equivalent to 18s. per week. Contrary to general imagination the modern light aeroplane needs very little attention. Many people keep their 'planes in their own sheds in the country, and only occasionally get a qualified ground engineer to carry out an inspection or any adjustments found necessary.

Comfort and freedom from excessive noise are coming. Already the new Puss Moth and Desoutter cabin monoplanes have removed the necessity for telephones and helmets. These saloon 'planes have sunlight roofs, and are as warm or as cool as the saloon car. They resemble the sports saloon car in their upholstery and comfort. They have of necessity exceedingly clean lines and are things of beauty to look at.

The further advance of mankind is largely dependent on improvement in transport. We have tried roads, railways, and water, but all have definite limitations. Why should not the air be the supreme highway? Wherever there is land, wherever there is sea there also is air, and it has an infinitely greater carrying capacity. British private enterprise first opened up the possibilities of the sea and was richly rewarded. Let it also tackle the air and the reward will be even greater.

AIR-TAXI RANK: A new air-taxi service has just been opened at the London Air Park, Hanworth. Lord and Lady Brentford are seen inspecting the air taxis

The EUROPEAN TOURING Competition

The attention of everybody who is interested in sporting-flying is centred at the moment on the International Touring Competition, officially known as the *Challenge Internationale de Tourisme*, which starts from Berlin on July 20.

The first competition of this kind was held in 1928. It originated in France, and was organized by the Aero Club of France. The rule was then made that whichever country won the competition should be rewarded by having the task of organizing the next competition. Germany won the first competition, so Germany is organizing the affair this year. From now onwards the competition will be held every two years—apparently alternately with the Schneider Trophy contest. By a curious coincidence the number of entries for the International Touring Competition, so far as can be discovered at the moment, is 101, the same as the number of entries for the King's Cup race. But unhappily only eight of these competitors are British. Against our team of eight there are thirty-nine German entries, fourteen French, sixteen Polish, and four Swiss, of whom one is actually from the Netherlands.

There is one important difference between the International Competition and the King's Cup race, namely, that in the King's Cup race so long as the machines were of all-British make and were not designed for war purposes they could be of any size or power, whereas in the International Touring Competition all machines have to be under a specified weight.

The list shows that the entries include nine different types of German light aeroplanes, six different British types, eight different French types, six different Polish types, and two Swiss types. And of each there are several varieties made by fitting different makes of engine.

The cities at which the competitors in the Internationale Challenge will have to call are as follows: Berlin (start), Brunswick, Frankfuert, Reims, Bristol, London, Paris (making their signals at St. Inglevert, near Calais, before and after crossing the Channel out and back), Poitiers, Pau, Saragossa, Madrid, Seville, Albacete, Barcelona, Nimes, Lyons, Lausanne, Munich, Vienna, Prague, Breslau, Cracow, Warsaw, Koenigsberg, Danzig, Berlin (finish).

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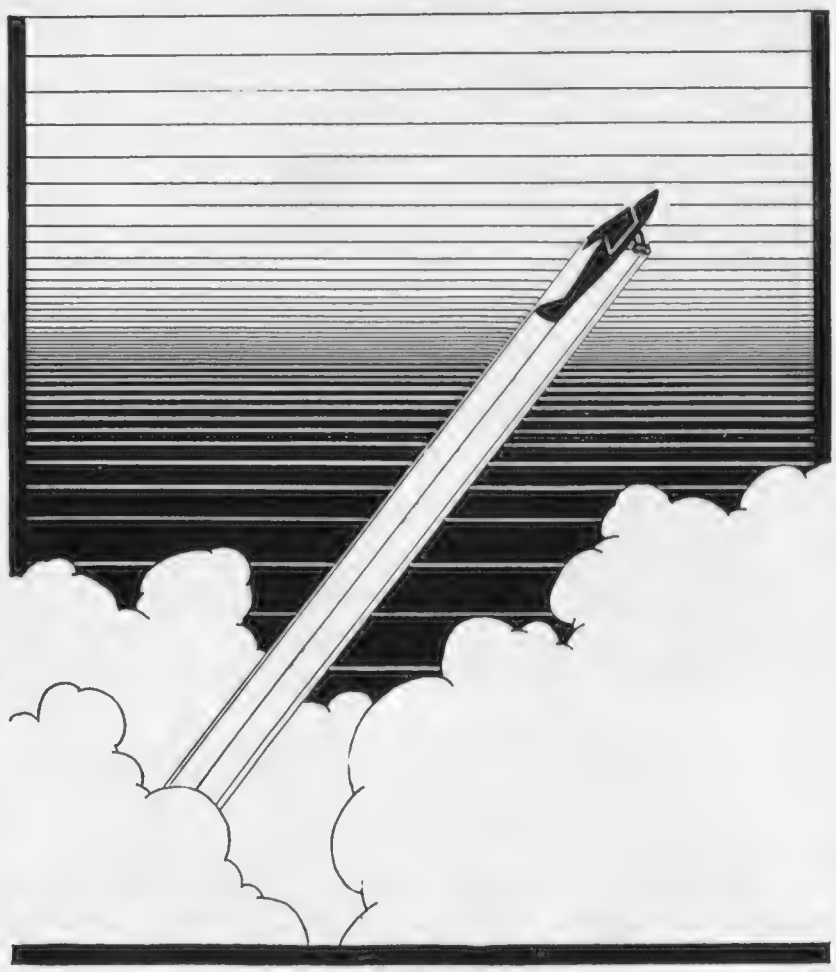

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flying an Avro Avian, fitted with the Cirrus III engine, beat 85 competitors in the greatest air race of the year at an average speed of 102·7 miles per hour.

The average speed of the Avro Avian, fitted with Genet Major engine, which gained 5th place was 106·4 miles per hour.

And another Avro Avian with Cirrus III engine was placed 8th.

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Overseas enquiries to A. V. Roe & Co. Ltd., 166 Piccadilly, W.1.

Agents throughout the world.

There were twenty-one different types of aeroplanes to be seen at the assemblage for the King's Cup Race

PRIVATE AEROPLANES TO-DAY—

What to Buy and Where to Buy it

By C. G. GREY *(Editor of the "Aeroplane")*

People in these days are beginning to realize that the aeroplane for the private owner is no longer a very specialized and very expensive toy for a wealthy enthusiast, but is already an ordinary transport vehicle which can be maintained by any ordinarily well-to-do young sportsman. Probably nothing has done more to bring this fact home than the appearance of aeroplanes, with their prices displayed on cards like any ordinary motor-car, in the shop-windows of well-known motor-depôts.

Quite naturally the motor trade have blossomed forth as sales' agents for aeroplanes—and very wisely so, because more and more people are beginning to realize the wisdom of the De Havilland slogan, "Get Off Those Crowded Roads." And as more and more people take to the air there will naturally be less and less sale for the more expensive type of sports car.

So far as one's memory goes, the first aeroplane to be displayed for sale was in a motor shop in Bond Street (S. T. Lee's). Shortly afterwards another appeared in a very well-known motor showroom in Burlington Gardens (Auto-Auctions, Ltd.). And aeroplanes have also been shown in certain of the big department stores which run a motor section (Selfridge's and Harrods).

Brooklands has its own showrooms for the inspection and purchasing of private 'planes

A notable type is the Avian, and this machine is the now famous Avian "G-EBVZ," with which the King's Cup was won by Miss Winifred Brown. It was a perfectly standard light aeroplane

At the aerodromes themselves showrooms for aeroplanes are now a regular feature. At Heston, Henlys, Ltd., who are the agents for the Avian, have one; Brian Lewis and C. D. Barnard, Ltd., have another; and Auto-Auctions, Ltd., who are the agents for the Bluebird, have another. These showrooms are so arranged that the show-window faces the car-park and the backs open on to the aerodrome, so that they are combined showrooms and flying-sheds.

The Brooklands School of Flying and Dudley Watt, Ltd. The Brooklands School of Flying and Dudley Watt, Ltd., have regular showrooms at Brooklands, and the De Havilland Co., Ltd., naturally, have proper showrooms at their own aerodrome at Stag Lane. Consequently anybody who wants to buy an aeroplane has only to make a tour of the various aerodromes in the London area and see practically every make of aeroplane for him or her self. And, naturally, trial flights are given free of charge to anybody who can be taken seriously as a potential customer.

Probably few people realize the immense choice there is in types of aircraft. People have an idea that the private owner's aeroplane is necessarily a small biplane with two seats tandem fashion with open cockpits in which one has to fly with a helmet and goggles. As a matter of fact, in the King's Cup Race on July 5, out of the 101 entries and eighty-eight starters, there were twenty-one different types of aeroplane. And among these twenty-one types there were a still greater number of variants of almost every type produced by fitting different engines and different arrangements of the seating.

The De Havilland Moth To begin with, the pioneer of light aeroplanes, the De Havilland Moth, which still has a very much bigger sale all over the world than any other type of aeroplane, there was the original type of Moth biplane with the 80-h.p. Cirrus engine—a 4-cylinder vertical in-line. Then there was the later type with the De Havilland Company's own 110-h.p. Gipsy engine, some of which were flown with the cockpits open, some of them with the regular De Havilland coupé top enclosing the cockpit, and some with regular conservatories built right over the cockpits so as to give, as nearly as possible, a perfect streamline and consequent increased speed. The engines in these machines varied from the original 80-h.p. Cirrus to the 110-h.p. Gipsy II.

The New Puss Moths Then there were the new Puss Moths, one of the most surprising successes of any industry of late. The Puss Moth is a monoplane with folding wings and with a 4-cylinder 110-h.p. Gipsy engine mounted upside down, so that the cylinders are below the crank-case and the pilot has a perfectly clear view in front of him without any cylinders to interfere. These machines have totally enclosed cabins, and though they are supposed to be two-seaters they carry three quite comfortably. In fact Mr. Charles Barnard, Mrs. Barnard, and Squadron-Leader Bert Hinkler all flew in one of these in the King's Cup Race.

The speed of these machines as proved in the race is about 125 m.p.h. over a long course, as against approximately 100 m.p.h. for the Gipsy-Moths and about 90 m.p.h. for the older Moths.

(Continued on p. 146)

The new Redwing made its first public appearance in the King's Cup Race. It has an 85-h.p. ABC Hornet 4-cylinder engine is a two-seater with side-by-side seats. A feature is its extra wide track under-carriage. It is the product of Robinson Aircraft, Ltd., of Croydon

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Mr. A. S. Butler, who was 2nd in the King's Cup Race in a De Havilland Moth (Gipsy Mark II. engine) won the prize for the Fastest Time Round the Course at an average speed of 129.7 m.p.h.

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should be fitted by every light aeroplane owner, for performance—not promise.

A ROW OF BLACKBURN BLUEBIRDS at Hanworth, drawn up in line before the King's Cup race — a popular type of privately-owned aeroplane

Private Aeroplanes To-day

(*Continued from p. 144b*)

When the first of this type was produced some four months ago it was so well liked (although priced at £1,000) that the firm boldly laid down a batch of twelve. And before the first of the batch was delivered over 100 had been ordered: £100,000 worth of a new type bought in three months is not so bad.

The Hawk Moth Then there is also the Hawk Moth with the Armstrong-Siddeley-Lynx engine of 240-h.p. which carries six people at approximately the same speed. One of these was entered by H.R.H. Prince George.

Avian two-seater with the Cirrus engine Another pioneer firm which offers a variety of choice is A. V. Roe and Co., Ltd. There is the original Avian two-seater with the Cirrus engine. And in one of these, with the latest type of Cirrus, Miss Winifred Brown won the King's Cup, as well as winning the Siddeley Trophy for the best performance by a member of a flying club as differentiated from professional pilots.

The Avro people also had in the race examples of the Avro Sport with the 110-h.p. Cirrus-Hermes engine, and a couple of new single-seat low-wing monoplanes with Hermes engines which are obviously only suited to the sporting flyer.

They also had the Avro Trainer, with Armstrong-Siddeley Mongoose of 150-h.p., which can be considered either as a high-speed training machine for Air Force work or as a rather luxurious open machine for the private owner. And there was also in the race an Avro Five, which is a cabin monoplane carrying five passengers and a pilot, with three Armstrong-Siddeley Genet-Major engines of 110-h.p. each. This machine distinctly comes into the *de luxe* class for the private owner.

A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE IN THE LIGHT AEROPLANE WORLD: Captain C. D. Barnard with one of the Gipsy Moth demonstration machines belonging to the firm of Brian Lewis and C. D. Barnard, Ltd.

The Desoutter monoplane Another aeroplane which is rapidly becoming very popular is the Desoutter monoplane. This is a cabin machine to seat three. It appeared in two types, the Mark I with the ordinary upright Hermes engine, and the Mark II with an inverted Gipsy engine and the lower under-carriage which is possible with an inverted engine.

Blackburn Company's Bluebird A type of aeroplane which is likely to become increasingly popular is the Bluebird, produced originally by the Blackburn

(*Continued on p. 148*)

THE BREDA LIGHT AEROPLANE: This attractive monoplane, made by International Aircraft, Ltd., is remarkable for its quick take-off and slow landing speed.

Mr. A. S. Butler's 120 h.p. Gipsy Moth Special.

KING'S CUP AIR RACE, 1930

HIGHEST PERFORMANCE

Mr. A. S. Butler, flying a Moth Special fitted with a standard 120 h.p. Gipsy II engine, took SECOND PLACE in the KING'S CUP AIR RACE and made

FASTEST SPEED

129·7 M.P.H

Mrs. A. S. Butler, flying a standard Puss Moth fitted with a 120 h.p. Gipsy III engine, took FOURTH PLACE and made SECOND FASTEST SPEED — 129.56 m.p.h.

Both these machines, fitted with standard Gipsy engines, were owned and flown by amateur pilots. Moth prices range from £595 for a completely equipped machine. You can learn to fly a Moth in a fortnight at The de Havilland School of Flying or at any flying club or school. It will cost you no more to run than a touring car and will need no more attention. Send us a postcard for further particulars or, better still, come and see us about learning to fly a Moth.

The standard Puss Moth flown by Mrs. A. S. Butler

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Private Aeroplanes To-day

(Continued from p. 146)

THE HENDY 302 IS A NEW TYPE: This cleverly stream-lined monoplane has a fully-enclosed cabin and is fitted with a Cirrus-Hermes engine

Company and now built for them by Saunders-Roe, Ltd., of Cowes. This is an open machine in which the passengers sit side-by-side, and though it is not so fast as a tandem machine a good many people like the side-by-side position as being more sociable.

The Robinson Redwing Yet another side-by-side two-seater is the Robinson Redwing, a very neat little thing at quite a low price as aeroplanes go, which has recently been produced by an experienced pilot in the light of his experience. It has quite a reasonable top speed and is remarkable for the low speed at which it lands —which naturally makes for safety.

The Spartans An interesting group of machines were the Spartans, built by a new firm in which Lord Cowdray and Captain Harold Balfour, M.P., are interested. In one type of these all four wings and the control surfaces are interchangeable, so that the owner, or any firm using these machines, instead of having to keep complete sets of wings as spares, only needs to keep one type of wing and one type of each control surface. In the latest type, the Spartan Arrow, which is built for speed, this complete interchangeability is not carried to the extreme, but parts are interchangeable to a much greater extent than in any other aeroplane.

The Hendy 302 A new machine of great interest which made its debut in the King's Cup race is the Hendy 302. This was designed in detail by Mr. Henderson, a clever young designer who is just beginning to make his name, to the general lay-out of Mr. Edgar Percival, who is one of the most experienced of Australian pilots. The machine is a low-wing monoplane with a cabin top, and with a Hermes engine it put up a speed of over 120 m.p.h. round the whole course, an extremely fine performance for a brand-new type.

The Breda Perhaps the latest entrant into the British market is the Breda monoplane (high-winged), which is of Italian origin but is fitted with a D.H. Gipsy engine. This machine is introduced by International Aircraft, Ltd., of 38, Old Bond Street. The most remarkable feature about this 'plane is its wide range of speed—the maximum flying speed is 110 m.p.h. (cruising speed 93 m.p.h), and the landing speed of 25 m.p.h. makes for the greatest guarantee of safety.

The Hawker Tom-Tit Another aeroplane which caused much interest in the race was the Hawker Tom-Tit. This was originally produced as a training machine for the Air Force, but it has already attracted attention as a luxury two-seater for the private owner. One of the machines was entered in the race by the Prince of Wales, and the other was entered and flown by Squadron-Leader the Right Hon. F. E. Guest, and both put up good performances.

The Martlet For the sportsman, or misogynist, who prefers a single-seater, the Southern Aircraft Company of Shoreham have produced a little machine called the Martlet. There were two of these in the King's Cup race—one with a Cirrus engine, flown by Miss Spooner, and one with an Armstrong-Siddeley Genet, flown by Mr. Miles, the chief of the firm. Both showed a very fine turn of speed.

Besides the types actually mentioned there were various modifications of these types, and so the variety seemed infinite. And the amazing reliability of the modern aeroplane and its engine is shown by the fact that out of eighty-eight starters sixty-five finished. One doubts whether if one took eighty-eight motor-cars of different makes and set them to drive round Brooklands for nearly 800 miles with their throttles wide open all the way as many as sixty-five would survive.

At any rate these few notes may give the uninitiated some idea of the enormous variety and of the extraordinary reliability of British aircraft.

Apart from purely British machines there are several types of foreign aeroplanes for private owners sold in this country. Notably there is the little Klemm monoplanes, which, if slow, are very pleasant to fly; and there is the Junkers Junior, made all of duralumin. The Breda, a totally-enclosed cabin machine, seems to be making quite a name for itself. And there is also the Romeo, made by the famous Italian firm which makes the Alfa Romeo car. All these are represented in this country and will probably do quite reasonably good business.

A LOW-WINGED MONOPLANE FROM ABROAD: The Klemm is a smartly designed monoplane with the wings placed low down immediately above the under-carriage. The flyers sit in open cockpits

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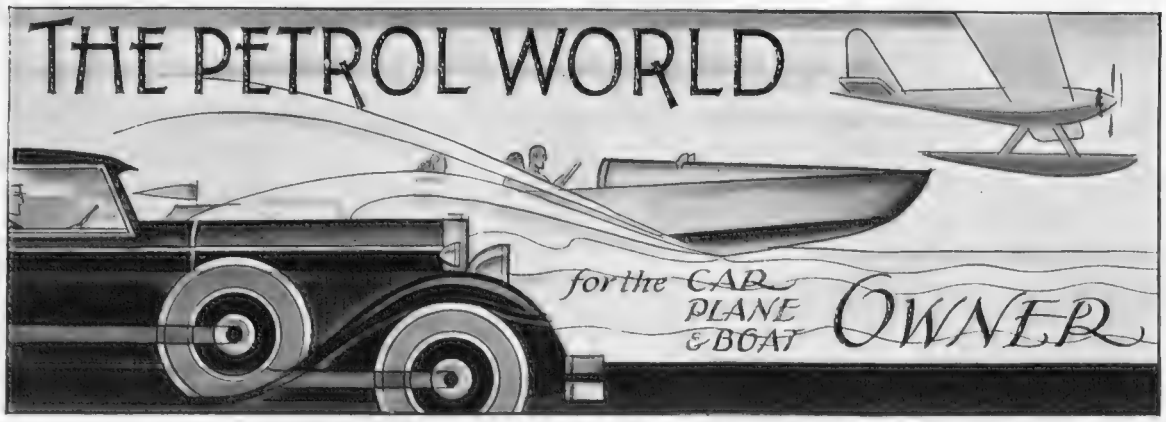


Conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

OUR NEW "SPEED COPS."—I have come across quite a number of motorists who have been under the impression that the speed limit of 20 m.p.h. is no longer part of the law of the land. In fact they have been driving for the past six months or so fondly imagining that there was no possibility whatever of the police pulling them up for speed alone. Unfortunately we are not yet free from the limit, but after many years of talk, discussion, and conferences galore, the time seems to have arrived when very shortly this old encumbrance will be removed. At the present moment the House of Commons has passed it, but before it becomes law the Upper House must also give their consent, followed by that of His Majesty the King. The Minister of Transport has told us that when the speed-limit goes he intends to let loose an army of motor-mounted policemen. Mr. Morrison is certainly the most go-ahead Minister of Transport that this country has possessed since that particular office was instituted, and as I have repeatedly advocated the setting up of such a force I am naturally pleased to learn that that will be the course which will be adopted.

At the present moment the average motorist looks upon a policeman as a Victorian grandma unfortunately armed with a considerable amount of power. It is difficult to imagine the large-footed, clumsy constable who vainly endeavours to hide his bulky form behind a slender tree taking to a motor-bicycle as a duck would to water. I am unable to picture this type of policeman ever being taught to handle a motor vehicle of any description, and I therefore welcome the innovation of motor-mounted constabulary, because I know that it will mean the setting up of a live and efficient force that will have far more sympathy and understanding for their fellow motorists than ever was the case with the police in the past. I do not desire to give the impression that this new force will do nothing; on the contrary, I hope that they will be active, and if they really get down to their proper job they will institute probably more prosecutions than their large-footed comrades in years gone by.

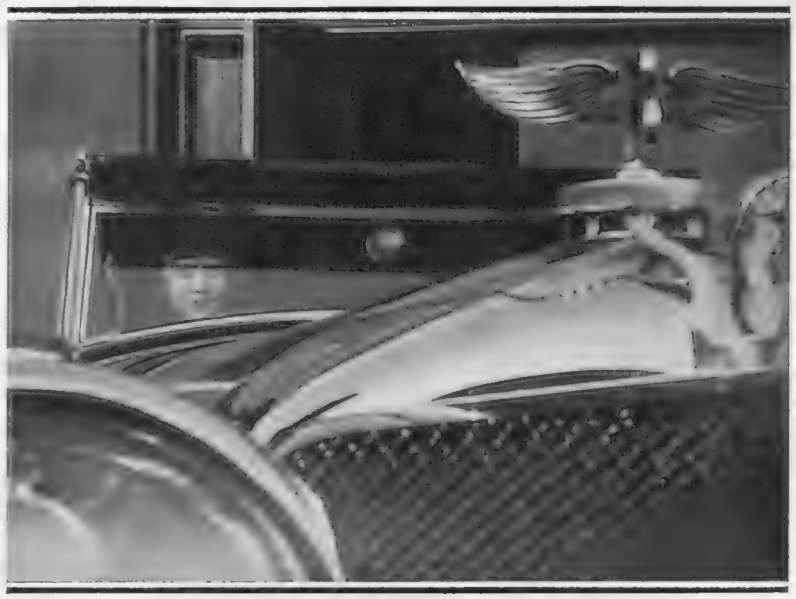
I do hope that the chief constables under whom this new force will be placed (at least I presume so) will not use their men as *agents provocateurs*. Chief constables know probably just as well as I do that there is plenty of honest, genuine work for the motor-mounted policeman to-day, and urgent work at that, rather than to spend his time enticing motorists to commit some offence which they would probably not do if left alone.

WEEK-END DANGERS.—We have heard a lot recently about mad motor-driving at week-ends and of the dangers of endeavouring to drive against the traffic on our main roads. Some of the pictures that have been given to us are doubtless exaggerated, but for all that there are far too many instances of bad road manners, particularly at week-ends. During many recent Sundays I have had occasion to drive against the tide, so to speak, on two or three of the main London-to-coast roads. I have never been at ease whilst I was so driving, but I must say quite definitely I have never been forced into a ditch or on to a kerb, as some of our motoring correspondents would have us believe is general. When driving in such circumstances it is fatal to relax for one moment, because it is impossible to be certain that someone will not pull out from what appears to be a nice, ordinary line coming towards you. The greatest danger, however, to the motorist who is travelling against the stream is on bridges and bends. My policy is always to crawl round at these places, and even then I must confess I feel quite nervous.

PASSING THE SNAIL.—The tendency, I know, is to blame the man who pulls out from the queue, and in nine cases out of ten he is guilty of dangerous driving, but we must not forget that in many instances he is the victim of great provocation. Some driver will be driving along a perfectly open, clear, straight main road at about 15 to 20 m.p.h., and gradually faster machines catch him up, and either owing to on-coming traffic or to the winding nature of the road they are unable to get past the "snail" ahead. More vehicles attach themselves on to the queue, and in the end we find a long procession, perhaps a mile in length, winding its way at a ridiculously low speed set by this misguided leader. It is easy to see that the people in the cars behind very soon become exasperated. They realize that unless they pull out and get ahead they are condemned to a long, slow, tedious drive home. I do not wish to excuse any dangerous driving for which they may be guilty in endeavouring to get ahead, but I do want people to realize that these motorists are often driven to commit grave road offences through some idiot who probably thinks he is driving with the greatest caution and consideration. When the twenty-mile speed-limit is definitely abolished I would like to see a minimum speed-limit put in force on some roads during week-ends, though perhaps if our new mobile police force are given correct instructions we may find that a "snail" is had up for dangerous driving. He certainly deserves it when it is remembered that unless everyone conforms to his rate of progress thousands of motor-cars must be pulled out of their line in order to pass him, and on each occasion the risks of the road are definitely increased.

Whilst advocating a minimum speed-limit, I would like to point out to my readers that the time is coming when something of this nature will definitely be the law of the land, but instead of a minimum limit of 20 I can foresee a speed limit of 40 m.p.h., and everything which cannot travel at that speed, including horses and carts, pedestrians, cyclists, nursemaids, perambulators, cattle, etc., will be definitely prohibited from using certain roads during certain periods. This will not come about to-day, next year, or perhaps in five years' time, but if the safety of the roads is to be seriously considered some such suggestion is bound to be adopted.

For the Govenor of Southern Rhodesia: Sir Francis Newton, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., High Commissioner in London for Southern Rhodesia, and Lady Newton, with the High Commissioner's secretary, Mr. B. F. Wright, standing by the Vauxhall Westminster saloon which has been supplied for the use of the Governor of Southern Rhodesia, Sir Cecil Rodwell, K.C.M.G.



A Pedestrian's Eye-view of Miss Edna Best, the well-known actress, at the wheel of the Bentley saloon which she used in making her film, *Loose Ends*, a British International Pictures production

The Gem of the Solent: A Hillman Straight-Eight saloon in the beautiful old-world village of Shorwell, Isle of Wight. The Hillman Straight-Eight makes light work of the winding hilly roads of the island

TOO MANY IMPROVEMENTS SPOIL THE CAR.—The arrival of a new Austin Baby which I mentioned in my notes last week is more than usually interesting. All Austin enthusiasts will, however, be very relieved to know that the chassis alterations are not of a major character. There have been so many examples in the past of cars which were really excellent in their way being "improved" year by year until in about five years' time they bear no resemblance at all to the original design. There is always danger when a really excellent small car is produced that someone will suggest it would be very much nicer if it could accommodate six instead of five passengers. Unless the manufacturers are very strong-willed they will give way to these demands and the extra accommodation will be provided. The additional weight not only slows the vehicle down but increases the stresses which have to be borne by the various parts of the chassis. In order, therefore, to keep the same performance as with the original machine, the engine is increased in size. The extra power thus produced is too much for the transmission, which in its turn has to be strengthened, and then the extra weight thus entailed once again reduces the speed of the car, and so the vicious circle continues. What commenced at being a really excellent 5-h.p. motor-car is by this process changed into an unsatisfactory 15-h.p. chassis.

Sir Herbert Austin is too careful and too shrewd not to know the pitfalls which I have endeavoured to illustrate. For many, many years he has withstood the showers of suggestions which have descended on him as to how the Baby Austin could be improved. He has, now and again, adopted minor improvements, and the present new model, when analyzed, is really the adoption of a number of these improvements. I shall certainly be very sorry to hear of anything more drastic than the alterations I have mentioned ever being incorporated in the existing chassis. If something radically different is desired then I feel certain Sir Herbert will start completely afresh rather than attempt to adapt what was, what is, and will be for many years to come one of the most successful British motor-cars produced.

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The sunny shore of Mont Estoril, on the Portuguese Riviera

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

On the Portuguese Riviera

By WILLIAM J. MAKIN

To the fashionable traveller, Portugal is apt to be more off the map of Europe than Spain or Sicily. Few people realize that beyond Lisbon is a sunshine coast, or *costa do sol*, which in situation and climatic conditions easily equals that of France or Italy. I confess that I only stumbled across it by accident. There is no blatant publicity for this delightfully picturesque coast-line.

Lisbon is the starting point for the Portuguese Riviera. This historic port can be reached easily from London by a hundred-and-one steamers that take the route south by the Bay of Biscay or by the comfortable and speedy luxury train, the Sud-Express, passing through Biarritz, over the Pyrenees, through Spain, and on to Lisbon. And once you have crossed the Pyrenees you are in a new world—or rather an old world, for Portugal is the country where time has stood still.

The winter in Portugal is one of the mildest in Europe. At the popular Mont Estoril on the Riviera the thermometer, even at the coldest period, rarely touches the freezing point. It is possible to bask in flannels by the sea at Christmastime, with the air balmy and the sky a stretch of blue. Mont Estoril is about fifteen miles west of Lisbon, and easily reached by train or motor-car. More and more English visitors are making this their winter rendezvous each year.

The wealthy Lisbon merchants have also made this their place of residence. The hill slopes are lined with numerous villas displaying luxuriant gardens of sub-tropical plants surrounded by palm, pine, and eucalyptus trees. This is a characteristic of the Portuguese countryside. There is not a place in Europe, and perhaps not in the world, where one may find a greater variety and abundance of vegetation. Nearly everything will and does grow in Portugal.

Personally, I found the walks into the picturesque countryside which lies at the back of Mont Estoril the most enjoyable part of my holiday. A short tramp brings one along the coast of Cascais, where the rocks of the Boca do Inferno, or Hell's Mouth, have a grandeur exceeding anything I have seen at Biarritz. It is a great sight to see the Atlantic rollers crashing against these rocks and sounding a mighty symphony in the caverns beneath.

There is an excellent motor run from Cascais to Cintra. Here is the town on a hill that inspired Byron, with its wonderful Castello da Pena towering above all. Cintra is a glamorous spot, and worthy of the great verse that has been written about it. It rises from a wealth of woods, lovely country houses, and picturesque farms. But the coast-line has a call of its own.

The delight of this coast is that one may have the ordinary healthy holiday — golf, tennis, walking, motoring, and a little sailing—or one may take advantage of the region and enjoy something in the nature of a unique holiday. Go into any of the small fishing villages along this coast and meet the real peasant. Gain his confidence and he will introduce you to a sea sport somewhat rare in Europe, the hunting of tunny fish. The Portuguese fishermen catch this big-game fish in nets, but there is no reason why some enthusiasts should not tackle it in the Florida manner.

Moreover, the Portuguese Riviera is sufficiently close to Lisbon to give one all the delights of city life when the holiday beside the sea begins to pall. There is a fine service of electric trains that will take one from this coast, along the banks of the Tagus, and into the city in less than an hour.

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Cintra is a glamorous spot and worthy of the great verse that has been written about it

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JAZZING UP THE ZOO

By W. HOLT-WHITE

(*Continued from page 116b*)

vanishing shadow. Whose hand threw that fish? Ah! here is the keeper. He is standing within the rails, a can held in his hand.

"Nibby!" he calls softly, "Nibby!"

Out of the water leaps, not the great old sea-lion, but a small, sleek, slathering, shining something which fawns at his feet like a spaniel back from a retrieve.

"Up, Nibby!" he says softly, "Up!" And the little black, slithering, fawning beast has shot like a black eel into the shadows above him.

Again that terrible pleading, haunting cry comes from the dark cavern. It's eerie here in the shadows by the sea-lions. Let's get on to the lions and the lights.

Again the pathways dark. Something impels a glance upward over the right shoulder. What is that misty thing up in the dimness? No lights here. But we make it out. A vulture; motionless, sinister, staring unblinkingly, balefully—at what?

Ah! Bright lights! And in the flood of light a scene as fair as a stage setting—bright green tropic foliage above gleaming water, and in the bright green foliage birds which in the radiance show whiter than polar ice and blacker than black cats.

The lions at last. One gaunt brute sits like some misogynist, guarding the entrance to his sleeping apartment. A striped tiger, he glowers sullen-eyed at the grinning humans who chaff his surliness.

The rest of the great cats lie stretched full length along the bars of their cages. They have the lazy aspect of contented sun bathers.

Inside the rails, under escort of a keeper, a girl smoking a cigarette is stroking a leopard. The leopard is lazily pleased.

Outside, in the dark, at the back of the lion house, a lion and his mate lie side by side. Sultan and Fatma, majestic creatures from Arabia. Silent and still, they seem to heed nothing—not even a mouse which frisks about their tails. Yet, though sleepy-eyed, they are watching—watching.

Watching a comely English girl across the path. She, stooping, croons to two lion cubs behind some wire. Sultan and Fatma's cubs. And Sultan and Fatma are watching. Shall this girl do their babes harm?

The girl seems fascinated. Suddenly an older woman stoops and taking her gently by her pretty bobbed hair draws her gently to her feet.

"Mother!" cries the girl and laughs.

Arms linked, mother and daughter stroll away. Happy mother, happy daughter, in this happy jungle. Yet how strange a little incident.

We move on ourselves, and just past the hirsute mass of a bison chewing cud we come upon a little break in the wall. Behind us lies the lighted Zoo with its rollicking humans and happy beasts. The band is playing a lilting waltz. But beyond the break in the wall the Regent's Park lowers darkly, and just below us on the grass is being enacted the only cruel scene we have witnessed this night.

A couple of tame domestic London cats at screaming death grips.

"Hallo! What's that? 'God Save the King!' Good Lord, eleven o'clock!"

Closing time has come to the Jazz Zoo.

I hurl a pebble at the insanely fighting cats. "Chuck it, you brutes!" I shout—"you're a disgrace to civilization."

Unheeding, untamed, untamable, the domestic London cats, these fireside pets of humans, fight on.

And I wonder what Herr Freud would make of that!

THE HOT COLOUR of SPAIN

Glows on Anglada's Canvases at the Leicester Galleries

The glowing heat of Spain is welded into the gorgeous canvases of Anglada y Camarasa which are now making the Leicester Galleries a pageant of sunny Spain. One has seen an occasional piece from this noted Spanish painter at the Exhibitions of the International Society, but never before has one been able to see a collection of his work such as has now been brought together by the efforts of Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips.

AN ANGLADA PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL: Señorita M. T. Huelin Rocamora. Lent by St. Javier Huelin

Born at Barcelona in 1874, Hermenegildo Anglada y Camarasa first studied painting under Urgell and with the friendly guidance of Miguel Utrillo y Molis. In 1897 he left Barcelona to develop his work in Paris. The following year he exhibited for the first time in the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and so rapidly did he make his way that already in 1902 he was elected a member. In those early years, deprived of the rich luminosity of the Mediterranean sea board, which so deeply influences the art of the Levante, he became greatly engrossed in the study of the effects which were being obtained in illumination through the use of the electric light, then fast being developed, and their application to painting. Studying these effects outside as well as within the studio, his subjects of that period were largely taken from the music-halls and their gardens, the theatres, and the restaurants of cosmopolitan Paris, and from gipsy dance halls. It is not without interest to recall here that the city of Barcelona a quarter of a century later has made its present great International Exhibition world-famous for, above all, its illumination with ever-changing decorative colours through the employment of the electric light on an unparalleled scale.

A detail of one of Camarasa's glowing equine groups at the Leicester Galleries

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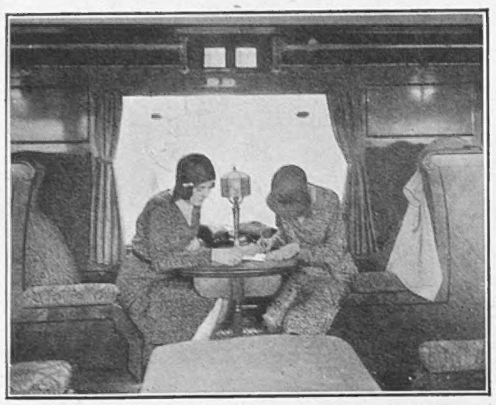

THE LAST THING IN TRAIN LUXURY: A post card to the people at home, written in the comfort of one of the new Royal Scot expresses

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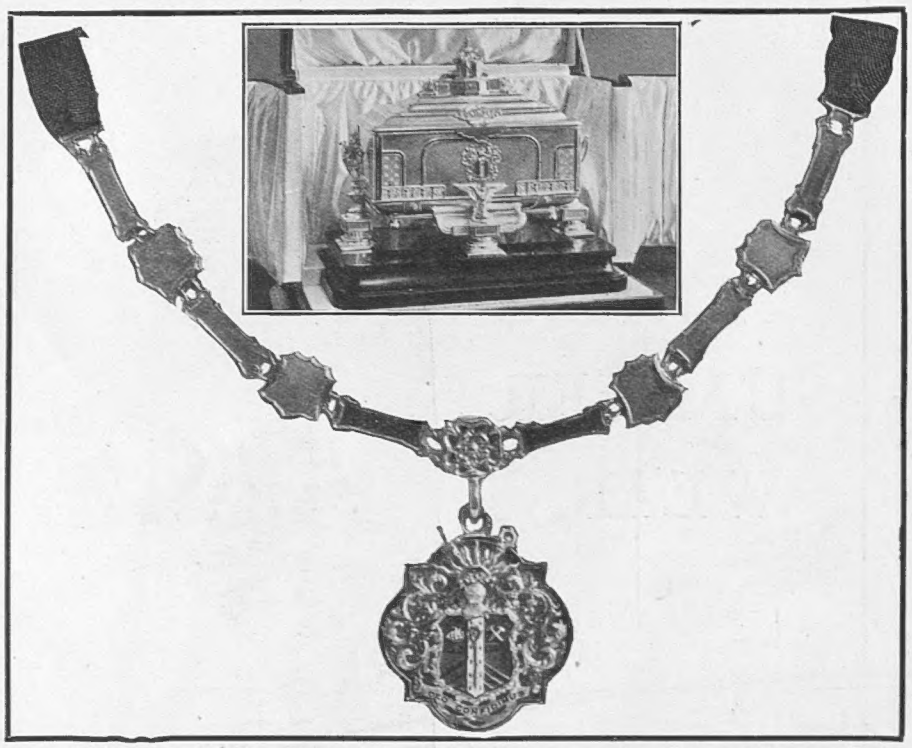
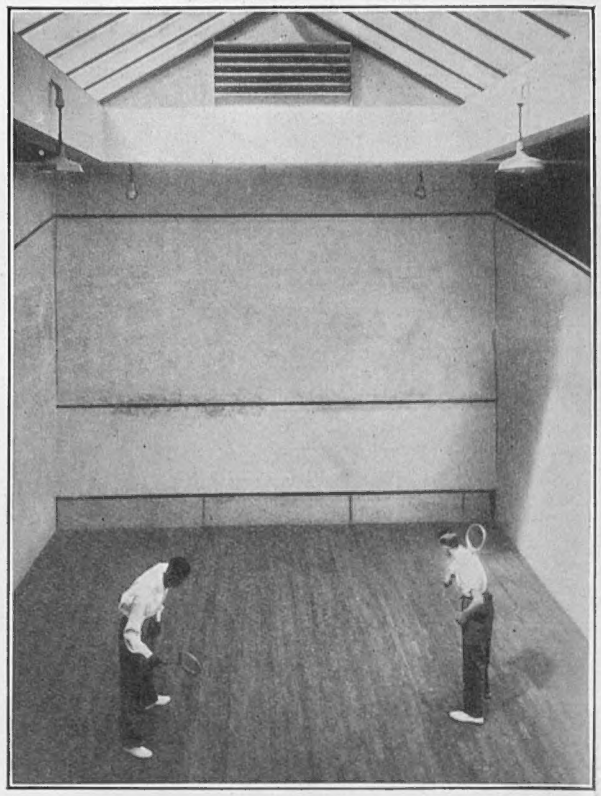


A CASKET OF PEACE: This casket, containing the Freedom of the County Borough of West Ham, was presented to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to commemorate his work at the Naval Conference on International Peace. It was made by Elkington and Co.

The new twin Royal Scot expresses, which leave London and Scotland simultaneously at ten o'clock every week-day morning, each represent 412 tons of travelling comfort. They are extra comfortable because, for one thing, their "waist-lines" have been lowered. So have their windows, which have also been made wider, so that the passenger gets an uninterrupted view of some of the lovely country to be seen on the way north. In this train you can travel in a Jacobean or a Chippendale coupé, or if your taste is for something more modern, in a charming and very cool-looking compartment of Indian grey wood.



A GAME OF SQUASH: The new squash racquets court at the Junior Carlton, which has just provided a new annexe where members can entertain their women friends

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

It is very gratifying to the Committee of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship to learn from a letter received that the British Government Representative for Migration in Australia has recently come across the records of ten boys who went out from the *Arethusa* Training Ship in 1929. He says that the records show that all the boys are doing well except one, and he expresses the hope that further *Arethusa* boys may go out to Australia later on. This high opinion is most encouraging to the Society, whose work it is to develop the best characters from the raw material which comes to them. Contributions for the upkeep of this work will be welcomed. Address 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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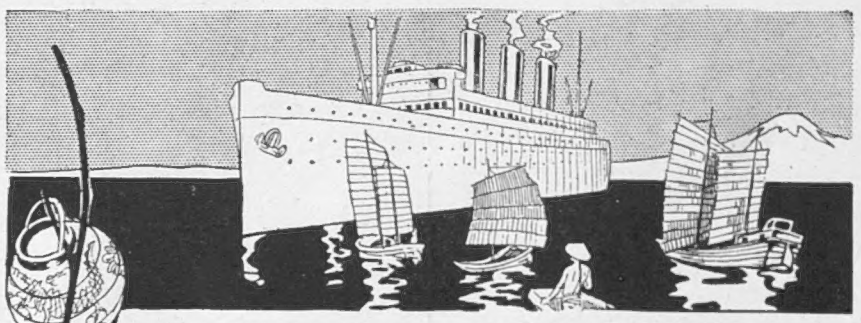

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Erratum

L·N·E·R

King's Cross for Scotland

In the advertisement which appeared in "The Sphere" of 12th inst. a Sunday train was shown to leave King's Cross for Edinburgh and Glasgow at 12.0 noon. This was an error, the correct time being **11.30 a.m.**

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